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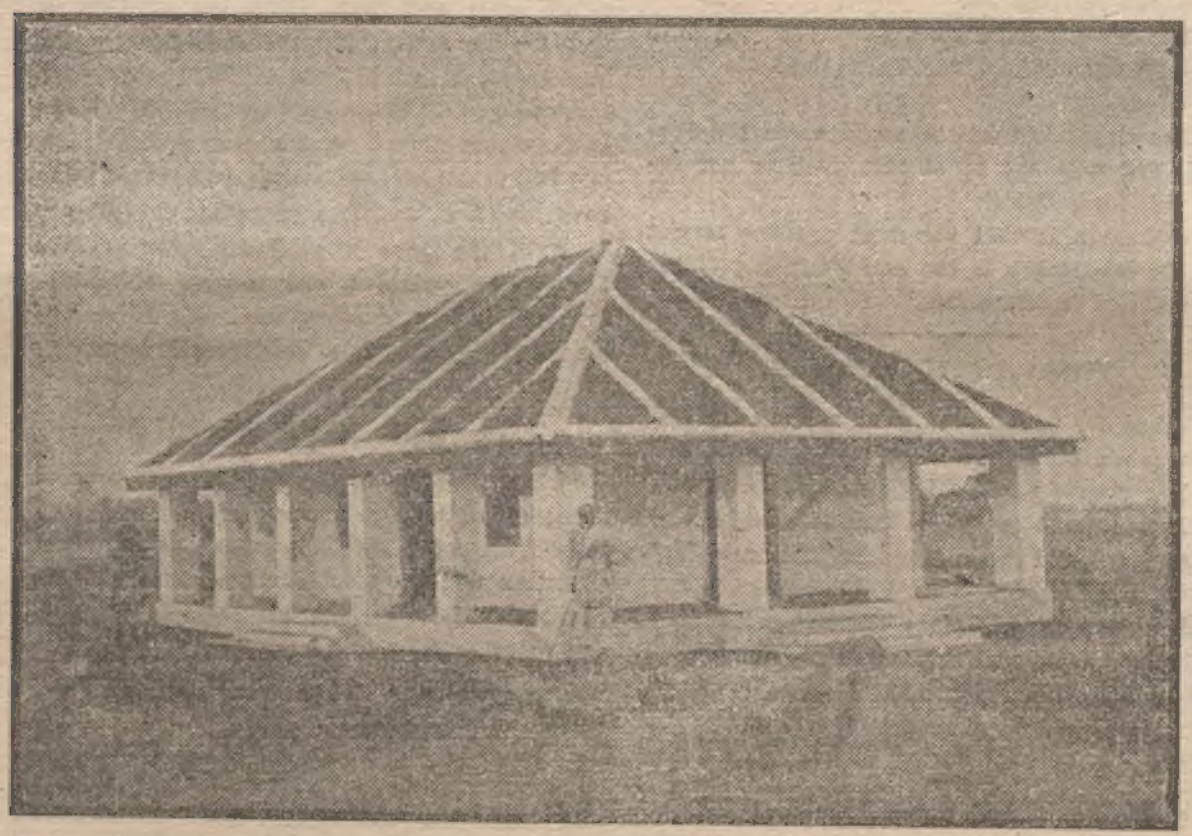

CORONATION READING ROOM.

One of the objective points of the Postal Crusade.

Coronation Reading-room, Tekkali, India.

When King Edward was crowned, some of the natives of Tekkali, India, decided to erect a reading-room to commemorate the occasion. The native prince of their section of the Empire gave the land, and money was subscribed to erect the building. After it was completed a tennis court was added. The first literature placed in the Coronation Reading-Room was contributed by readers of the 'Witness' publications, through 'The Post-Office Crusade.' The papers, 'Weekly Witness,' 'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger,' have gone every week. The subscriptions for these periodicals have now been renewed for another year. In addition to all the publications of the 'Witness' series, will you who read this take one of the magazines in your home, secular or religious, Canadian or British, and mail it, firmly tied, fully prepaid, one cent on every two ounces, to Mr. Higgins, Tekkali, Ganjam Dist., India.

Your contribution will be placed in the Coronation Reading-Room. You do not know what a source of pleasure and profit your gift will be to these natives who read English well, but whose salaries are so small that they cannot subscribe for more than a very limited supply of reading matter. Good, wholesome fiction with paper covers can also be sent. Mr. Higgins will be responsible for all literature sent to him. Do not lose this opportunity for God and the Empire.—M. E. C.

The Kynance Coves.

A THRILLING EXPERIENCE.

Some years ago I spent a brief summer holiday in Cornwall, and one day I joined a party that were making an excursion to the Lizard Head. We left the rail at Helston, and drove by a pleasant road to the Lizard Lights. These twin lighthouses illuminated by electricity, cast a brilliant beam far out over the Atlantic Ocean, and are a great benefit and safeguard to homeward bound vessels, entering the English Channel.

After viewing the Lizard, it was proposed to visit Kynance Coves, a series of very beautiful caverns at the foot of the cliffs, which, however, can only be reached at low water by a precipitous path from the heights above. We found we were too early, for the ebbing tide had not yet receded far enough to permit our reaching the caves by the prepared way. An idea struck me that it might be possible to reach them from above, by climbing down the cliffs from a little distance, and to achieve our purpose without waiting for the ordinary way to be left dry.

Separating myself from my companions (who were all strangers), and not speaking of my purpose, I strolled along the cliffs, which are very lofty, and in most places nearly perpendicular, till I reached a point where the face of the cliffs was of a more broken character. Here, thought I, a descent may be made with caution, and by working my way downwards in a slanting direction I shall be sure to reach the coves.

My first movement was to let myself drop from the summit upon a projection a little lower than I could reach with my feet, then to work my way carefully along the surface in a downward direction, then to suspend myself over a projecting ledge and drop again. This mode of progression was repeated many times. No thought of danger entered my head, nor did I imagine that I might fail of reaching the caverns and return by the path leading thence to the neighboring hamlet.

By-and-by, when about half-way down, I found my task becoming increasingly difficult, and extreme caution was needful to secure a footing and to advance further. At last, after several more drops from the rocks above to those beneath (some of these having lowered me many feet at a time), I found myself upon a narrow ridge of rock projecting from the cliff, and looking below beheld a precipice more than forty feet deep, and beneath rolled the dark green sea, washing the base of the cliffs, and of a very coisiderable depth. My path was cut off. Suddenly as I looked around and behind me it flashed across my mind that the way I had come could not be retraced, and there was no path by which to return.

It took a little time to realize the situation! Alone, upon a green knoll, at a safe distance above the tide, but without means of communication with my fellows, without food or shelter, cut off, by my own mode of progression in dropping from rock to rock, from retracing my steps; and above, the frowning cliffs, some 300 feet high, rearing their massive walls nearly as abruptly as are the walls of a house.

Yet I knew at once that my only hope of getting back to the party, who in a few hours would be leaving the Lizard, was to scale the cliffs. So I commenced to climb! I got perhaps thirty or fifty feet upwards; but could get no further and gingerly climbed down again to my narrow platform. Again I essayed my task, and mounted aloft in another direction, and once more returned defeated to my starting point. Five times I tried to scale those steep shelving walls, and as often, after getting perhaps 20 feet, perhaps 100 feet, found that it was impossible to take another step upward from thence. So again and again I had to creep downwards to my platform, each time with decreasing strength, relaxed nerve, and increase of tremor.

I sat down upon my knoll overlooking the shining sea to collect my thoughts and to determine what next might be attempted. The beauty of that summer afternoon and of my surroundings soothed me, and much more the consciousness (which had been a habit of many years) that, though alone and in danger, the Lord my God was with me. I thought of my friends 300 miles away in a distant county, and of that ministry I was just commencing, and in which I had hoped for years of active and useful service; and I reflected that since I was Christ's servant he would bring me out of that peril, if so be he had further work for me on earth, and if not—still, all would be well! So I committed myself to his keeping and guidance, and then looked about me to see if any means would suggest themselves by which I might escape.

Looking upward, I traced with my eye a way by which it seemed just possible I might reach the summit. And again, and for the last time, I began to climb. Presently I was aware that I had placed myself in extreme peril. I could not go back, I could not remain an instant in one spot, I could scarcely proceed! I was clinging to the rough rocks, on the face of towering cliffs of almost perpendicular formation. Far below tossed the deep green waters. I had left all trace of foothold, and scarce found crag or projection for hand or foot. Above rose a mountain wall, and no human being knew of my danger, or would be able to account for my disappearance if I fell.

Suddenly I was aware of 'a still small voice' of reassurance and promise. Clear and close, as if from heaven, came the familiar and long-loved message, sent formerly to Israel by the mouth of Isaiah the prophet: 'Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for

I am thy God; I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness' (Isaiah xli., 10). I could not doubt, and from that moment I lost all fear, and knew that I should be saved. The whole incident comes back to me as if it were yesterday.

I was not yet out of danger; nay, in the next ten minutes, humanly speaking, my peril increased greatly. Yet I knew who had spoken that promise, and that I was safe! Scrambling, climbing, clinging, I slowly advanced, reaching upward. It was no choice of steps, for an instant's hesitation or cessation would have entailed a headlong fall upon the rocks or into the sea; and without rest or a glance below, my way was onward and upward ever! At length I saw the top of the cliffs, and to my horror discerned that the last dozen or twenty feet projected outward and overhung the spot where I was clinging. I shall never know how I overtopped that difficulty; I trusted, and I had God's promise, and I was saved! At last, I remember how I got one arm over the top, and raising myself by a supreme effort rolled myself to a little distance from the edge of that fearful cliff, and lay for some time panting and with nerves unhinged; till after a while I roused myself, and actually afterwards found the path down the cliff to the coves, and explored their interesting recesses before I rejoined those who had been my companions, and returned to Falmouth, where I was staying at that time.

Do you know anything of this God-consciousness, this assurance that the Almighty One is with you? To myself it has been my most precious possession during a period of twenty years. It is always there while I am willing to do his will and desirous to be loyal to our Lord and Saviour Jesus. And in other crises of my life, as in prolonged sickness and special trouble or difficulty, it has been as clear and helpful as in this experience, when my life was placed in jeopardy.

When the storms of life beat upon us, when we encounter its deadly conflicts and are imperilled by its sudden snares, this God-consciousness rises like a flood in our hearts, makes strong our hand and steadfast our hope and courage. When we are weak in ourselves we become strengthened in God, and when danger confronts we are secure under his protection and guidance. Though it were foolish, as in my case, to run heedlessly into an unknown peril, even then, as in times when his own service has brought danger nigh, have we heard his voice speaking unto us as of old, saying, 'Fear thou not, for I am with thee: be not dismayed, for I am thy God; I will strenghen thee; yea, I will help thee, yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.'—J. Howard Fry, in the 'Christian.'

After Forty-Nine Years.

When a man has been a mission worker for forty-nine years his opinion ought to be worth something. Dr. Jessup, who has been all that time teaching in Syria, says he has himself learned these nine lessons:

My first lesson is one of gratitude to God that I have been enabled to live so long in such a blessed work.

The second is that, if I could live my life over again, I would choose the missionary work above all others.

The third is one of sorrow and humiliation at my many mistakes and failures, and of a strong desire that I might try again with new purpose, new wisdom, and new consecration.

The fourth is the inadequacy and worthlessness of the human element in the missionary work unless vitalized, inspired, and controlled by the divine.

The fifth is the vantage-ground occupied by the new missionary of to-day over those who went out fifty years ago.

The sixth is that the great convulsions, wars and massacres which desolate mission fields, such as the Syrian massacres of 1860 and the Chinese Boxer outbreak of 1900, are the ploughshares upturning the soil for the good seed, and preparing the way for reconstruction, regeneration and reformation.

The seventh is that the Bible is bound to supplant the Koran, the Vedas, and the books of Confucius.

The eighth is that the world needs the Gospel, and will not be at rest until it has received Jesus Christ.

The ninth is that the most precious service of the missionary is the oral preaching of the Gospel.—'The Classmate.'

Answered Prayer.

I asked for bread; God gave a stone instead;
Yet while I pillowed there my weary head
The angels made a ladder of my dreams.
Which upward to celestial mountains led.
And when I woke, before the morning's beams,
Around my resting place the manna lay;
And, praising God, I went upon my way,
For I was fed.

I asked for strength; for with the noontide heat
I fainted, while the reapers, singing sweet,
Went forward with rich sheaves I could not bear.
Then came the Master, with his blood-stained feet,
And lifted me with sympathetic care.
Then on his arm I leaned till it was done;
And I stood with the rest at set of sun,
My task complete.

I asked for light; around me closed the night,
Nor guiding star met my bewildered sight,
For storm-coluds gathered in a tempest near.
Yet in the lightning's blazing, roaring flight
I saw the way before me, straight and clear.
What though his leading pillar was of fire.
And not the sunbeam of my heart's desire?
My path was bright.

God answers prayer; sometimes when hearts are weak
He gives the very gifts believers seek;
But often faith must learn a deeper rest,
And trust God's silence when he does not speak;
For he, whose name is Love, will send the best.
Stars may burn out, nor mountain walls endure,
But God is true, his promises are sure
To those who seek.

—Myra Godwin Plantz.

The Children's Portion.

Who can think of the immense number of children throughout our churches, who come up to the public services Sunday after Sunday with eager hope of finding some interest for their young souls, with that hope growing smaller and smaller as the brief years of their childhood run out, until at last the pathetic habit is formed of expecting nothing; who can think of this and not sympathize with the desire to provide for them also a portion in the service, which they shall look forward to and by which they shall be fed?

It cannot be a satisfactory reflection to any minister, that his teaching flows like a river, not through, but past, the lives of the children. It could not but be a joy to him, and a blessing to his own soul, if at every morning service for one ten minutes out of the ninety he were in direct contact with the souls of the children. It seems to me, I say it respectfully that never a Sunday should pass in which the preacher does not give wings to some story of God's love or Christian life. Such a story would go up and down, and in and out, in all young hearts throughout the week that follows, doing work for God. In this way he would whet and keep whole the appetite of the children for the services of the sanctuary. Doing this, he would open to their young eyes the windows of Heaven, and give them glimpses of the vision of God. And in that golden space, in those so consecrated minutes, he would bring back for them, and it may be for the parents as well, the days when Jesus spoke to the disciples in parables, and taught those children of his love, as they were able to receive his words.—From 'The Children's Portion' by the Rev. Alexander Macleod, D.D.

The Effect of Famine.

Bishop Welldon, of Calcutta, at the time of the great famine a few years ago, wrote a most fraternal letter to missionaries and other Christian workers of all denominations in the famine-stricken regions of India, in which, among other helpful things, he says, concerning the famine: 'It has drawn Christians nearer to each other. It has made us think little, for the time, of our speculative differences. It has made us think much of our common faith and duty. We have almost forgotten that we belong to this or that denomination. We have remembered that we are "all one in Christ Jesus." Yet again the suffering in India has, I think, drawn non-Christians nearer to Christ. While we have watched with admiring sympathy the patient endurance of the people of India in their long and painful affliction, they, too, have learned something, that they knew not before, of the beauty and sanctity of our faith as inspiring Christian men and women in the love of Christ, to make great sacrifices, and, if need be, to lay down their lives for those who in race and religion and in moral ideas and social custom are widely separated from themselves. When the famine is past, the tie of sympathy will remain. The ministers and recipients of philanthropic aid cannot be strangers, still less can they be enemies any more.'

A Daring Rescue.

The conditions of modern life call forth deeds as brave as any that were done by heroes of old. The 'Youth's Companion' chronicles such a one, the performance of which called for considerable ingenuity and presence of mind as well as courage:—

A fire started in a New York tenement, and spread with such rapidity that those on the top floor were cut off from escape. An old man, a sick woman, and two little children appeared at the windows imploring aid.

A passing driver snatched a large rope from his waggon and ran toward the fire. A sailor followed him, and the two, calling a fireman, bounded up an adjoining high building and broke through the skylight to the roof.

The fireman was lowered and the rope set swinging. Aided by hands and heels, he increased the swing of the pendulum until it reached the desired window, into which he then climbed.

Grasping a child, he swung out to the corresponding window of the next house, where waiting arms relieved him of his burden. Three times the performance was repeated, while the crowd below showed its appreciation by wild applause.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Good Resolutions.

I will be neat.
I will do honest work.
I will be master of myself.
I will keep my mind clear.
I will learn to love good books.
I will not even shade the truth.
I will be punctual in all things.
I will never spend more than I earn.
I will not acquire another bad habit.
I will not let my temper control me.
I will be cheerful and enjoy harmless fun.
I will read my Bible and pray every day.
I will be agreeable and companionable.
I will not become habitually suspicious.
I will 'do right though the heavens fall.'
I will know well some honest business.
I will not write a letter when I am angry.
I will not overrate nor undervalue myself.
I will not be a whining, fault-finding pessimist.
I will neither work nor play half-heartedly.
I will be courteous to old people and to women.
I will deserve confidence whether I get it or not.
I will not meddle with what does not concern me.
I will be an avowed servant of the Lord Jesus Christ.
I will keep my eyes, ears and heart open to the good.
I will never let another person lead me to act like a fool.
I will not break an engagement nor a promise if I can keep it.
I will not engage in any questionable amusement or employment.
I will exert myself in all honorable ways to make and keep friends.
I will, when I undertake a thing, be sure I'm right and then stick to it.
I will not waste the next ten years, the most important of my whole life.
I will keep myself physically clean, mentally alert, morally pure and spiritually alive.
—'The Cumberland Presbyterian.'

Ben's Kaledoscope.

Mrs. Kennedy's little boy had the chicken-pox, and Ben felt sorry for him. Ned was a cheerful little chap usually, but now that his playmates couldn't come to see him he sat and watched them from the window and looked melancholy.

'I wish I had a kaleidoscope for Ned to look at,' said Susie Canfield.

'I shouldn't wonder if I could make one,' said Ben thoughtfully; 'I've read how to do it somewhere. Say, Susie, have you any glass beads, real bright red or blue, or a bit of gay paper? You look when you go home.'

Then Ben sauntered down—school being over—to the glazier's shop. He fished industriously in the heaps of odds and ends of window glass till he had three strips, each about two inches and a half wide and ten inches long. Next he stopped at the store and bought a sheet of heavy black paper, black on both sides, and a piece of thin, transparent oiled paper. When he reached home he hunted up some thin wire, and made some boiled paste; then he was all ready.

Susie came in with a little box of beads, bright paper scraps, and some bits of tinsel, and she and Ben's sister, Edith, watched the making of the kaleidoscope. First Ben took the three long, narrow strips of glass and put them together in the form of a hollow prism. Susie held them for him while he tied them together with the wire at the top, at the bottom, and at two places between. He twisted the ends of the wire tight and then bent them flat against the glass. When all the wiring was finished he laid the triangular tube on the black paper and pasted the paper neatly round it, lapping it over where it joined on one side; then he trimmed it off neatly at the edges. The bit of oiled paper came next. Ben stood the tube on it, cut it an inch larger all round than the opening, nicked the corners, and then pasted it up so as to make an end-piece covering.

'Now, all it needs is the eye-piece,' he went on, 'and that's easy enough.'

The girls watched with interest as he took a ten-cent piece, laid it on the black paper, and cut out round it with his knife; then he pasted the bit of black paper, with this circular hole in the middle, over the other end of the glass tube. 'Give us the beads,' he said; and Susie handed him the box. Ben took out only a very few of the things—the brightest and clearest—and dropped them in carefully through the hole in the eye-piece. He held up the tube to his eye against the light and turned it slowly. The gay contents, against the half-transparent paper, arranged themselves in fantastic patterns of rainbow color.

'There! Isn't that 'most as good as your cousin Johnny's?' he asked Susie, handing it to her.

'It's splendid!' cried Susie; and then Edith took a peep. Then they all three took the kaleidoscope down to Mr. Ames' shop and showed it to him.

'Well, now that's clever, Ben,' said the glazier. 'I'll make one for my little girl, but I don't believe I can beat yours. One thing, though; if that oiled paper end piece gets torn I'll put a dull glass one in any time you bring it round; but the paper's just as good as long as it lasts.'

After that Ben and Susie and Edith went on down to Mrs. Kennedy's and left the new kaleidoscope there with Ben's compliments. Ned was a very happy little boy that afternoon; but perhaps Ben got more pleasure out of it than Ned did, for there is lots of fun in making things, as every boy knows.—'Sabbath-School Visitor.'

Music and Animals.

Some very curious experiments have recently been carried out in the German Zoological Gardens in order to ascertain the actual influence of music upon animals. The instrument was the violin, and Herr Baker was the performer.

Of all the animals the puma was the most sensitive to the musical influence. His moods changed rapidly, according to the nature of the melody, the animal frequently becoming very excited and nervous.

Leopards were entirely unconcerned, but the lions appeared to be afraid, although their cubs wanted to dance when the music became livelier. The hyenas were very much terrified, but the monkeys were merely curious.

The experiments are to be continued, and with a variety of instruments, in order to distinguish between the mental states which are actually produced by the music and those which are merely the result of an unusual experience.—'Scientific American.'

Your Own Paper Free.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have their own subscriptions extended one year, free of charge, by remitting eighty cents for two new subscriptions.

Miss Martin's Legacy.

Miss Anna Martin had lived all her life in the small village of Camden. She owned a two-roomed cottage and had an income which sufficed for her simple wants. When she was fifty, a distant relative died and left her a thousand dollars; and on this bright afternoon she was trying to decide what to do with the money.

'I don't think I need to keep it,' she said to herself. 'It doesn't cost me much to live, and I have more than enough for my needs, and shall have something for sickness or old age. No, I'll use that thousand dollars. I'll have a parlor; it won't cost much to have one built on, about fourteen feet square. I'll have Brussels carpet on the floor, and nice furniture and two large oil paintings. Then I'll have a silk dress—yes, two of them, a black and a brown—and a new bonnet.

'And I'll give fifty dollars to the church,' she added by way of after-thought.

But why was it just then she thought of the Dilling children—three in number—who on the morrow would be 'bound out' to live with any person who might be willing to take the responsibility of caring for them?

About two years before Charles Dilling had met with an accident which confined him to the house for months, and finally took him away forever. When Mrs Dilling had time to look about her after this blow, things were very discouraging indeed, and a hard struggle followed. The rent was very much in arrears; the doctor presented a bill which fairly took her breath away, and there were numerous other accounts which must be paid. She sold part of her furniture, and then worked early and late, but in a few months her health failed, and she soon followed her husband.

Then, of course, something had to be done with the little ones. Mrs. Dilling had often been urged, after the death of her husband, to let the children be separated, but her only answer had been: 'As long as I can work they shall be kept together.'

This answer was sufficient for all who knew Mrs. Dilling. But now she was gone, something must be done. There was no relative to care for the children, and at last it was decided that they should be 'bound out.'

This meant separation, and it was an appalling thought to the children who were knit together by the ties of more than ordinary strength. No other course presented itself, however, and as Mr. Randall, the overseer of the poor, said, 'They must be provided with food and shelter some way, and if they could earn their keep, they must do it.'

The next morning Miss Martin ate but little breakfast.

'It seems so bad for the children to be separated,' she mused, as she looked out at the Dilling house. 'I hope they'll be where they can see each other sometimes. They are good children—been well brought up.'

Miss Martin's work moved slowly that morning. She spent much time looking over at the Dilling house. She saw Mr. Randall when he came to take charge of the few articles of furniture that were left, and attend to the 'binding out' of the children. The neighbors dropped in one by one, and at length a farmer who wanted a bound boy, arrived. He had tried two already. One had run away after a few months, and the authorities had taken the other from him on account of cruel treatment.

Miss Martin shut her lips tightly together when she saw this man. Probably he would want Fred, who was eleven years old. It

would be a shame to see so good a boy go to such a place.

She threw a shawl over her head and stepped to the door. Then she went back and sat down by the window.

'I could have a bed for him upstairs,' she thought. 'And he could split wood and bring water for me. I believe I'll go over, anyway.'

Farmer Burman was talking very loudly to Fred when she went into the dark, gloomy kitchen. The boy's face was white, and his eyes filled with tears as he looked at Bessie, his sister.

'You can't have him,' said the little girl, choking back her sobs. 'He's all we've got left, and we're going to keep him!'

'Ho, ho!' laughed Mr. Burman, 'we'll see about that! The sooner we have the papers made out the better, I reckon.' And he made his way toward Mr. Randall.

'Fred, would you rather come with me?'

It was Miss Martin's voice, and Fred grasped her hand eagerly, while his sister cried: 'Oh, do go with her, Fred.'

'I'd rather do it, Miss Martin, if you could get along with me,' said the boy earnestly. 'I'd try hard to help what I could.'

Miss Martin's face lighted up as she listened. This was a new experience to her. Her life had been wholly centred upon her own interests. She could not help thinking of it even in the midst of this excitement. A new feeling swept over her. How selfish she had been! Would God forgive her?

While these thoughts were passing through her mind, she was making her way toward Mr. Randall. Would she be too late? No; Mr. Burnham had been called in another direction. She pulled the poor-master's sleeve, and whispered hurriedly:

'I'll take Fred.'

'All right,' he replied and the deed was done.

The proprietor of the village hotel was talking to Bessie.

'Don't you want to go and live with me at the hotel?'

'No, I don't. I want my own home, and that is all.'

'But, child, you can't stay here; the house is all empty, and you've got to go.'

Miss Martin's eyes flashed. The idea of that sweet girl going to such a place, never!

'I'll take Bessie, too,' she said, and Mr. Randall gladly agreed.

'I can have a bedroom and a tiny kitchen added to my house instead of a parlor,' thought Miss Martin, 'and can take the old kitchen for a living-room. I don't really need a parlor, anyway.'

And now, what about little Ray? There he sat, seemingly unconscious of all that was going on around him, printing some words on a piece of cardboard. Ray was only seven years old. He would need care for a long time, perhaps all his life, for he was not very strong in body. He was fond of books and flowers and shy and reticent. He held up the cardboard at length and looked at the words he had printed. They were. 'Trust in the Lord.'

Nobody wanted Ray. He could not be of much use, anywhere, and it was decided that he must go to the country farm.

'I'll take him home with me to-night,' said Mr. Randall, 'and send him away to-morrow morning.'

Sitting around Miss Martin's table at supper that night very little was said. Fred had filled the wood-box, brought water, and made himself useful in various ways; but now he was thinking of his little brother. Bessie could hardly keep back the tears.

Miss Martin could not help noticing the children's faces, and altogether it was not cheerful company.

As they arose from the table, there was a knock at the door, and Miss Martin opened it to confront Mr. Randall. 'Is Ray here?' he asked.

'Why, no.'

'Well, he's a queer boy; I don't know where he is, and now I can't find him.'

'Is the Dilling house locked?'

'No, there is no use locking it; it's empty.

'You stay here, children,' said Miss Martin, kindly; 'I'll be back in a few moments.'

Then she slipped over to the little old house, and as quietly as she could, peered into every room. There, in the half twilight, she found Ray at last, half lying, half kneeling, on the bare floor in the little room where he used to sleep. In his arms was the cardboard on which he had printed, 'Trust in the Lord.'

The boy was talking, and she listened.

'It don't seem like home. Bless dear Miss Martin. She's good.'

Miss Martin could hear no more. 'I can never dress in silk and know that this poor boy is away from his brother and sister,' she thought. O Lord, forgive me for thinking so much of my own desires! I'll try to use my legacy in a way that will be pleasing to thee!'

Then she stepped forward and touched the boy gently on the shoulder. He started nervously, but when he saw who it was, smiled through his tears.

'Come home with me, Ray,' she said tenderly, 'and the Lord will care for you and for all of us.'—'The Herald.'

The Man who was 'Going To.'

He was, in the first place, a boy who was always 'going to do.' He was for a time a pupil of a school I taught, and I boarded at his father's house a part of one winter. That was nearly twenty-five years ago, so the boy has been a man for some years.

When I was staying at his home his mother would say: 'Robert, have you filled the wood-box yet?' 'No, ma'am; but I'm going to,' would be the reply. Or his father would ask: 'Robert, have you fed the horse yet?' 'No, sir; but I'm going to,' Robert would reply.

Sometimes I would say to Robert in school, Have you learned your arithmetic lesson yet?' 'No, sir; but I'm going to,' he would reply, but when the time came for the class to recite the lesson would still be unlearned. At the last minute Robert would take his arithmetic and slate and try to solve his problems in less time than was possible for even the brightest boy in the class.

It is many years since I saw Robert, but I heard of him the other day. A friend was good enough to write me a long letter, telling me about many of the boys and girls who went to school to me. About Robert S—— he said: 'You still, no doubt, remember Robert S——? He is still "going to do" all sorts of things. I went by his home yesterday. It is a sorry looking place. The front gate has been separated from its hinges for about five years, yet I have heard Robert say many times that he was "going to fix that gate." The pump at his well became disabled more than a year ago, and Robert has been "going to fix it" every day during that time, but it is not done. In the meantime, his family must carry water from the well of a neighbor, a fifth of a mile distant. Two years ago the drainage pipe on Robert's place became clogged up, and Robert was "going to fix it" for more than a year. When it rained the water stood a foot deep all over the cellar, and Robert came near losing two of his children because of illness traceable to this cause. The worst of it is that Robert has fallen into the habit of borrowing money that he is "going to repay," but somehow he does not pay it. They speak of him here as "The man who is going to." Poor Robert! life has been a dreary failure by the reprehensible habit of procrastination.'—J. L. Harbor, in 'Forward.'

Diverting His Mind.

A cloud settled down on the office when the senior partner came in. His hat was pulled down to his ears, and his brows drawn together in a black bridge over his eyes. The two stenographers quailed under his glance, and even the office-boy was shaken from his usual calm. The chief acknowledged the salutation of the head clerk with a grim nod, and then strode into the junior partner's room. His voice came through the partition in a confused growl.

'Going to be a chilly day with the boss, I guess,' the office-boy said to the stenographer who had been with the firm for ten years.

'You should call him Mr. Barnett,' she answered, reprovingly, and added a little lecture on the duty of respect to elders and employers. She was finishing her lecture as the senior partner emerged from the inner room. He comprehended her and the office-boy in a swift glance of disfavor.

'Miss Murdock,' he said, icily, 'if you're not too busy talking to William I should like to give you some dictation.'

She rose with a deep flush on her cheeks, and went into the private office. He stopped a moment in the telephone-booth, and the office force could hear him berating 'Central.' He came out with heavier lines from his nose to the corners of his mouth, and his forehead was crumpled in a deeper frown.

In half an hour Miss Murdock came out. 'I don't know what's the matter with him,' she said to the second clerk, in an awe-struck voice. 'He's just dreadfully cross this morning. He even made me spell difference with one f.'

'He acts as if he thought we were just dirt,' the new stenographer said. 'I wish I'd stayed with that lumber company.'

The fidelity of years flared up in Miss Murdock. 'He's generally the kindest man I ever knew,' she said.

The office-boy nodded. 'That's right.'

Within a few minutes Mr. Barnett refused three valued clients. At intervals of every few minutes he rushed from his room and shut himself into the telephone-booth. Each time he came out more cross and haggard.

By noon the office force had fallen into a state bordering on panic, and even the junior partner, Burke, kept out of range of his senior's sarcasm. When for the tenth time Mr. Barnett entered the telephone-booth, the astute William said, 'I guess he'll fire us all when he comes out this time.'

Mr. Barnett stayed a long time with the receiver held to his ear. He came out with beads of perspiration on his forehead and tears in his eyes. He looked around the room, and smiled tremulously. 'She's come out of it beautifully,' the doctor says. 'The anesthetic went off, and she waked like a baby. And he says the cut in her throat can be covered by a string of beads.'

He beamed tenderly on them all.

'What are you talking about?' his partner asked.

'Why, my little girl's at the hospital, and had an operation on her throat this morning, and the doctor's just telephoned that it's all right. He wouldn't let me stay at the hospital—said it was better to come down here

and divert my mind by 'tending to business.'

'Well, you've at least diverted our minds,' Burke answered. 'Why didn't you tell us so we'd understand?'

Mr. Barnett gave a shame-faced smile. 'I just couldn't,' he said, simply; 'but now I want you all to take a vacation this afternoon. It's Wednesday, and you shall all have entertainment tickets as my treat. And now I'm going to buy some beads for Annie.'

When he had gone, the two stenographers wiped their eyes and nodded sympathetically. The older men cleared their throats, but William, the office-boy, looked about him belligerently.

'Didn't I always say he was all right?' he asked.—'Youth's Companion.'

The Origin of Coffee.

As to the history of coffee, the legend runs that it was first found growing wild in Arabia. Hadji Omar, a dervish, discovered it in 1285, six hundred and eighteen years ago. He was dying of hunger in the wilderness, when, finding some small round berries, he tried to eat them, but they were bitter. He tried roasting them, and then he finally steeped them in some water held in the hollow of his hand, and found the decoction as refreshing as if he had partaken of solid food. He hurried back to Mocha, from which he had been banished, and invited the wise men to partake of his discovery, and they were so well pleased with it that they made him a saint.

The story is told that coffee was introduced into the West Indies in 1723 by Chirac, a French physician, who gave a Norman gentleman by the name of De Clieux, a captain of infantry on his way to Martinique, a single plant. The sea voyage was a stormy one, the vessel was driven out of her course, and drinking water became so scarce it was distributed in rations. De Clieux, with an affection for his coffee plant, divided his portion of water with it, and succeeded in bringing it to Martinique, weak, but not in a hopeless condition. There he planted it in his garden, protected it with a fence of thorns and watched it daily until the end of the year, when he gathered two pounds of coffee, which he distributed among the inhabitants of the island, to be planted by them. From Martinique coffee trees in turn were sent to Santo Domingo, Guadeloupe, and other neighboring islands.

The coffee tree is an evergreen shrub, growing, in its natural state, to a height of fourteen to eighteen feet. It is usually kept trimmed, however, for convenience in picking the berries, which grow along the branches close to the leaves and resemble in shape and color ordinary cherries. The tree cannot be grown above the frost line, neither can it be successfully grown in the tropics. The most successful climate for production is that found at an altitude of about four thousand feet.—'Success.'

Pictorial Testament Premium

A very handsome Pictorial New Testament, just published, with chromographs and engravings from special drawings made in Bible lands by special artists, J. C. Clark and the late H. A. Harper. The book is neatly bound in leather, round corners, gilt edge, well printed on fine thin paper, making a handsome book. The colored plates contained in this edition are particularly fine.

Any subscriber to the 'Messenger' can secure this book by sending four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each, or six renewal subscriptions at forty cents each.

Bald Knob Snowslide.

(Mabel Earle, in 'Good Cheer.')

'Of course I am going to be brave about it!' Honor said, holding fast by the lapels of her father's overcoat. 'Did you think I would fret and cry, as if we weren't partners in business? If there isn't money enough to carry out the plans of the firm, then the firm must make retrenchments. Here's your lantern. Be careful on the step there, dear. Will you want some coffee when you come back?'

Her father turned at the foot of the steps to look back at her bright face, framed in the light of the doorway.

'Not to-night,' he said. 'I'll be back before ten. Don't wait if you're tired.'

Honor shut the door, and mended the fire, and hung up the tea-towel carefully before she dropped into a chair by the table, hiding her face in her arms. It was necessary to be brave in the presence of her father, who had had more than enough of sorrow and discouragement in his life. But when a girl is safely alone she may surely be allowed to cry over the downfall of her dearest plans.

Honor had kept up a home for her father, in this two-roomed log-cabin at the edge of a Montana mining-camp, for the three years since her mother's death. She still had memories of the city life which her people had left when she was a girl of ten. The rough life of the mountains, drifting from camp to camp as he found employment in assaying, had agreed very well with her father, building up his feeble health. But the mother had pined away beneath hardships and homesickness.

After she was left alone Honor began to dream the dream which had brightened these last three years. She would go to a normal school and fit herself for teaching; and in due time she would find a situation where she might make a home for herself and father, taking him from the rough, strange world of the mining-camp into that other world of culture and beauty for which her soul was hungry. She had studied faithfully, and the little fund set aside for her expenses had been growing steadily, until the realization of her dream seemed very near. But to-night her father had told her, very sadly, of a reduction in salary and an increase of other expenses which must postpone her schooling for another year at least.

'Never mind!' she said to herself at last, lifting her head from her arms. 'It will come some day, and meanwhile I'm going to make the cabin a bit of real home for father. That means, at present, to finish my ironing. I want to have my sash curtains up by sunrise to-morrow. We're the only family in camp that has white curtains, and we'll have to maintain our reputation.'

She went back and forth at her work, singing to herself resolutely, though more than once she dashed a suspicious moisture from her lashes. Once she paused by the tiny window, peering out anxiously into the darkness.

'I wish father hadn't been obliged to go to work to-night,' she thought. 'Mr. Weston might wait a few hours more for that report! I heard some of the men talking to-day about snowslides. But we haven't had any this winter, and I don't believe they will come now. I wish we didn't live where there were snowslides, and mine accidents, and smelter accidents, and no doctors to speak of!'

At nine o'clock she folded the last piece of ironing, and set the flat-irons carefully on the ledge to cool. As she came back to the table a dull noise struck on her ear, faint at first, but horribly familiar. She sank on her knees, clutching at the ledge of the window for support, while the cabin rocked beneath the sudden roar and sweep of the avalanche thundering past it not fifteen feet to the right. The branches of a tall pine, carried down on the extreme edge of the slide, crashed through the window beside which Honor knelt, grazing her shoulder, but she felt no pain.

Before the roar of the slide had died away as it dashed itself against the opposite wall of the cañon Honor had sprung to her feet, and was tearing madly at the fastenings of the door, which, twisted in the jarring of the cabin, refused at first to open.

A sudden gleam of light seemed to stream across her mind, lighting up hidden motives and half-concealed wishes, revealing in terrible clearness a depth of selfishness where she had thought herself most unselfish.

'Father! father!' she sobbed, straining her fingers at the key. 'How could I ever think of leaving you here? How could I dare to be sorry when you said I must stay?'

The door gave way at last, and she let herself down the steps, creeping through the branches of the fallen pine, and making her way into the open road across the snow. She looked out over the clearing toward the group of company buildings, a few hundred feet further down the slope. The office was standing, and the dark bulk of the great boarding-house, from which groups of men were pouring with flickering lanterns and hoarse shouts which came to her across the snow. But the smaller building which contained her father's office and work-room had stood directly in the track of the slide. It was blotted out completely—whether crushed beneath the mass of rock and snow, or carried on with it, she could not see.

'Father!' father!' she cried again, trying to gather strength to hurry toward the boarding-house. But her feet failed her, and she sank on the snow.

'Here, Honor!' rang out a voice from the darkness, and her father's arms were around her, lifting her tenderly. 'Thank God, you're safe, and the cabin too! I had just left the office and stepped into the boarding-house when the slide came. No, not a soul hurt this time, for a miracle. It just swept between the main office and the boarding-house—carried off the kitchen, but Sing Lee was in the dining-room. He's sputtering down there now, because he won't have any stove to get breakfast on to-morrow. No more will I have any chance at assaying for a week at least!'

Honor clung to his arm, laughing and crying, while they went up to the cabin together. She tried to tell him of the regret and self-reproach that had overwhelmed her, but he would not listen.

'Nonsense!' he said. 'It's no wonder you wanted to get out of this country. But you must rest to-night, and keep quiet, and we'll have a good time together while this vacation of mine lasts.'

They did have a good time, and the vacation made necessary by the repair of the assay office lasted more than a week. The spring came on while they were waiting, and the sweet, early mountain flowers began to bloom, pushing up the side of the snowdrifts. Honor sat with a handful of these in her lap one day, arranging them in a little glass of water. She was thinking that there were compensations after all in this mountain world.

'Honor,' her father said, coming in, 'I've something to tell you.'

She looked up at him almost in fear, for his voice shook.

'I didn't want to tell you until it was all settled, but I've just signed the papers. It was the slide that did it—in two ways. It came around the edge of Bald Knob, and tore away a bit of ground, and uncovered the pret-

tiest lead of ore that was ever seen in this part of the country, and it smashed my office, and left me free to go browsing about the hills and find my claim and stake it out. No, don't you look so worried! I'm not going to stay here and develop it in opposition to the company. They've been too good to me for that, and besides, I've been thinking about you. I've sold out to the company, and it's enough to take care of us. You can go to school whenever you like now.'

Honor put her arms around his neck.

'What a beautiful snowslide it was, to make you rich, you dear!' she said. 'But it did far more than that for me, father. It showed me how rich I was before.'

The Transformation of a Birthday Box.

(Elizabeth Price, in the 'Christian Observer.')

'Agnes, what are we going to send Mildred for her birthday this year?' asked Kate Neal glancing up from her needle-work. Agnes laid down her magazine and yawned listlessly. 'The same things we send, every year, I suppose' she replied indifferently. 'There are my last summer shirt waists, and your old cloth skirt that she can freshen up with a new binding and a darn or two. I suppose I might send her my new slippers. They are too good to give away, but they hurt me unmercifully.'

Ruth Sewel looked up curiously. 'Forgive my inquisitiveness, but whatever are you girls talking about?' she asked.

Agnes colored a little and laughed. 'Birthday gifts, of course. Didn't you recognize the species?'

'Not quite,' confessed the visitor.

'Probably you've never been the recipient of a box like the one we are planning—hence your ignorance. Mildred would know it at a glance—wouldn't she, Kate?'

'She ought to. She's received them twice a year for three years—not always on birthdays, my dear, she only boasts one for each twelve months. The others go at Christmas—and each box imitates its predecessor fith an admirable degree of accuracy. Shirt waists and skirts in summer and heavier things in winter.'

'You see, Ruth, Kate merely asked the question with which my absorbing story was interrupted a while ago to broach the subject and help me to remember that the articles have to be sorted and packed. She knew the programme from start to finish.'

'Well, pardon my obtuseness, but why is thus thusly? Who is Mildred, may I ask, and whence the necessity of semi-annual second-hand gifts?'

'To be sure, Ruth. How stupid of us to forget that you didn't know Mildred. She is our cousin once removed, is about our age and size, and is an orphan, in fact she has no relatives but our family. She is clerk or book-keeper or something in a store in the city, but she doesn't get much pay. She isn't very strong, or she could doubtless do better for herself, but as it is she only makes ends meet by strict economy.

It's really a shame, for she is a nice girl and she had a hard life always. We feel very sorry for her,' and Agnes settled herself back comfortably in her easy chair and picked up her magazine again.

Not so Ruth. There was a new expression on her face, as she glanced about the luxurious room with its ease-loving occupants and she sat very straight as she asked, 'Don't you ever send her anything but your cast-off old clothes?'

Kate laid down her embroidery frame with an air of injured innocence. 'Ruth, how blunt you are. They aren't really "cast-off." They are nice garments and only require making over to make them almost like new. She does not need to dress in the latest style—that would be quite out of place for a person in her circumstances. We never send her old finery—just plain substantial things—things that are useful and not foolish frippery.'

Ruth Sewell did not reply, but a round red spot burned in either cheek, and the toe of her dainty shoe tapped the carpet nervously. Agnes watched her a moment amusedly, then remarked, 'You might as well say it, Ruth. You are too transparent to hide your internal disturbances, and it is evident that something in the foregoing explanation hasn't suited your ladyship. Explain, my dear, I insist.'

'May I? And won't you think me very rude?' The girlish face was full of animation as Ruth lifted it toward her friends and began. 'It seems such a pity to me, to think of a young girl working so hard for bare necessities and getting nothing for Christmas and birthday, but useful things. Why Kate, don't you know girls love their "foolish frippery" a great deal more than gingham aprons and sensible calico gowns? My new white chiffon hat is a "foolish frippery" if anything ever was, for its beauty will vanish with the first hint of any dampness, and it cost a lot, too. But I would not trade it off for all the useful sweeping caps and sunbonnets in town. How useful is your pink tissue dress, that one could almost tear by looking at it hard? Or Agnes' lace parasol that doesn't keep even the sun out of her eyes and would disappear like a snow flake before a shower of rain? But the dress and the parasol and the hat are dainty and sweet, and we love them because we are girls, and it's our right to love such things.

'Think of being condemned altogether to last year's shirt-waists and left-over gowns that never get more new probably, because a busy person hasn't the time to do them.

'I'm afraid I'm very wicked and disagreeable and all sorts of undesirable things, but I'm certain sure I should never be inspired to deep gratitude by an exclusively "useful" birthday box, and—and—I wouldn't be guilty of giving to somebody else what it would break my own heart to receive.' The red spot had spread quite over the soft cheeks, and the long lashes dropped above them, as Ruth studied the emerald on her finger as if she had never seen it before.

Kate looked offended, but Agnes laughed again and said 'Come, Ruth, don't act so guilty. We invited the lecture—and we got it.' Then Kate spoke with much dignity: 'My dear girl, don't you see that one must allow for the difference in circumstances?'

'No, I must say I don't, beyond a certain extent. A girl's a girl for a' that (with apologies to Burns,) and she is never a girl but once, and then only for a few years. Later on, the useful things might satisfy, and no doubt they would be gratefully received even now if they were put in order and then supplemented with other trinkets that are not an absolute necessity.'

'Put in order!' For pity's sake, Ruth, would you have us turn seamstress this hot weather? Why, we hire our own sewing done; it's not likely we'll do such things for other people.'

'Of course it's not my affair, and I don't wish to meddle. However, I do suppose from what you have said, that the sewing could be done here as comfortably and conveniently as at the other end of the journey. It is barely possible that we have as much time and strength as your cousin, and it might even be the case that your sewing-room is as cool as hers. For my part, I'd enjoy nothing better than helping to get a box ready for that girl such as I'd like to send my sister if I had one.'

'Let's do it!' exclaimed Agnes impulsively. 'I never thought about it before—more shame to me, I suppose—but it would interest us and maybe do Mildred good. What do you say, Kate?'

'I say that Ruth is a youthful enthusiast who oughtn't to be encouraged, because there is no knowing to what length such people eventually go. Nevertheless, for the novelty of the thing, I am willing to help you children out this once, though the result will probably be to spoil Mildred so she'll never thank us for our old clothes again.'

'Very well, grandmother. We children will take the consequences and take the blame,' and Agnes tossed her much-abused magazine into a corner and sat up for instructions.

Ruth in spite of her dimples, was decidedly practical, and her friends soon entered into her plans with a zest that delighted her. Mrs. Neal gladly came to their assistance when work bade fair to overwhelm them, and by dint of energy and perseverance, the box was ready to ship on time.

'I wish I could see her face when she unpacks it,' said Agnes, writing the address.

'So do I. She's never had such a surprise in her life, I'll venture to say,' and Kate picked up the hammer which had nailed the lid on.

'It's the sweetest thing we ever did in all our useless lives, girls,' declared Ruth with conviction. 'And unless I am mistaken, it will do us as much good as anybody else.'

'I feel so differently from what I usually do,' confessed Kate. Ordinarily Mildred's box is a regular bug-bear to me, and I postpone its preparation to the last minute. To-day it has been a real pleasure. I'm not sure but I've enjoyed it enough to make the experiment a habit.'

'Bravo, sister mine. I'm with you. Let's do it,' and Agnes put out her hand to seal the compact.

'I don't make rash promises,' said Kate cautiously. We'll wait and see.'

Away in her cheerless boarding-house, Mildred Ray toiled up the steep stairs to her hot little room at the top. She was very weary and her courage had almost failed—brave though she usually was. To-day was her birthday—an anniversary she dreaded in her loneliness. There was no one to care how she spent it or to give her loving wishes.

To be sure, there would likely be the box from Cousin John Neal's family, and it was very kind of them to remember her and take the trouble to pack and send it. But she wondered drearily where the strength would come from to do the sewing that would be necessary. Her room was so hot, and she had no machine.

The outcome would probably be—as it had generally been before—that she would be obliged to use the garments as they were. 'I cannot help it,' she said to herself. 'I try my hardest, but I can't accomplish more than my work in the store. I am so tired all the time, it seems to me I shall never be rested.

The hot air of her room smote her stiflingly as she opened the door. She hurried to open the window then turned to look at the box which had come during her absence. It was larger than usual, but she was too weary to feel much interest in its possible contents. She threw herself on the bed to wait for the supper gong, and it was not until that meal had been disposed of, that she removed the lid. Directly beneath it lay a letter. This was a

new feature—a postal card announcing the shipment, was all she was used to. She opened this dainty missive with fingers that actually trembled with the rare excitement of receiving a letter. Her eyes dimmed, then overflowed, as she read the friendly message. 'We have decided to save you the trouble of doing your own sewing this summer, dear Mildred, and have fixed your things ourselves. We hope they will be all right, and that you can spend the time it would have taken you to make them over in some pleasant outings. There is a small purse in the jacket pocket with an insignificant scrap of blue paper in it, which will pay for at least a few breaths of fresh air for you, and you are positively to use it for that and nothing else. There are trolley-cars and parks at your reach, and these things are not to be despised since they are the best you can do, you busy creature.

'At Christmas you must come to us—don't say you can't afford it, for you must. Your faithful service for Fales Brothers deserves a reward, and father means to see that you get the time and your salary, too. Father usually accomplishes what he undertakes. You will stay a month, and have a happy, restful time, we hope, and you must lay your plans accordingly.

'Our dear friend, Ruth Sewell, who is visiting us this summer, has helped prepare your box, and so interested has she been that she says she feels as if you belonged to her, too; and, Mildred, she is worth belonging to. She sends you her love with earnest wishes for a very happy birthday and many returns, in which we all of us join.

'Let us hear from you soon. It is a pity our correspondence has fallen so flat. We must revive it. May we not?

'Your loving cousin, Agnes.'

Mildred laid her letter down with a radiant face. Was it possible she had felt forsaken when friends like these were hers? How ungrateful she had been! And that visit! How the days would fly with that to look forward to, and she had been wicked enough to think nobody cared. 'Dear God, forgive me! I'll try to be good,' she murmured penitently, as she knelt beside her box and carefully lifted out its contents. A summer wardrobe complete! One dainty new lawn, a neat white dress, a tailor suit hat, gloves and shoes. The pretty white garments dear to girlish hearts, and every item complete as to buttons and tapes, bindings and belts, hooks and eyes. A box of collars and ruches; some hand-made handkerchiefs nestling beside a little flash of violet perfume, hairpins and combs, a cunning set of shirt waist studs, a half-dozen late magazines, and two or three new books; a mounted photograph of three girlish faces, merry and friendly, on the back of which was written, 'With love of Ruth, Kate and Agnes.' Last, but perhaps not least a carefully packed loaf of home-made bread, another of cake, a jar or two of fruit, a box of Kate's delicious candy, and a dozen fragrant apples of enormous size.

Mildred sat among her treasures and laughed and cried, and examined and nibbled to her heart's content. There should be a feast tomorrow night, and some of her 'companions in misery' should share it. No, it should be a merry evening picnic, and she could pay the care-fare for them all.

Was anybody ever so blest and happy before? Should she ever be lonesome or tired again?

Then and there she wrote her letter of thanks, her lonely young heart pouring into it the tenderness for which she had so seldom been able to find expression. As she wrote her eyes were bright and her lips smiled happily. She did not know it was hot—she had forgotten her weariness. There was nothing left to remember but the goodness and unselfishness of the friends who had done so much for her, and the love of the heavenly Father who had inspired them.

Kate's eyes were wet as she read the letter, Agnes was only wiping away tears, but Ruth was smiling contentedly.

'To think how she appreciates everything and how we've never done anything before but throw her cold scraps,' sighed Agnes.

'And even that has been grudgingly done,' added Kate.

'Don't waste your time lamenting the past,' advised Ruth cheerily. 'You have a long, lovely future to make up to her in, and if I'm not mistaken, she is worth cultivating for her own sake. You have the time and the means; she has neither. There's your chance, girls, make the most of it.'

'We certainly will,' they both declared, and they are keeping their word.

Swift Doom for Rats.

The latest and most efficient as well as the most humane method of getting rid of the pest of rats is by the use of electricity. Such, at any rate, is the opinion of the proprietor of a large grain warehouse in Rochester, where the rats until recently were so abundant that their depredations were an actual source of financial loss. Since the introduction of scientific methods, however, the rats have been killed off so rapidly that within a short time they will be practically extinct.

When the rats first began to overrun this particular warehouse the aid of their time honored enemies, cats, was first called in.

The cats meant well and were energetic, but they could not follow the rats down their holes, and the rodents were so sly, as well as numerous, that it was soon evident that cats could not solve the problem of getting rid of them.

Traps of various kinds were then tried. At first they worked well. But after a little time the rats came to understand and avoid them. The same proved true of poison.

In the meantime the rats who had first selected the grain warehouse as a place where an easy living could be procured had evidently informed their rat friends, and these called in others until it seemed as if most of the rats in that part of the state must have established headquarters in that storehouse.

Then a clerk with an inventive turn of mind tackled and solved the rat question.

The warehouse is lighted with incandescent lights, which, however, are seldom used at night. First the clerk placed a flat piece of copper on the floor in one of the corners of the building and a wire was run to it from the incandescent light circuit. On this copper plate was placed a large appetizing piece of cheese. Then a second copper plate was placed on the floor almost, but not quite, touching the first copper. The return wire of the incandescent light circuit was connected with this plate.

The cheese, of course, was in full view on the floor, and nothing could have looked more innocent. But to reach it a rat would first step on the copper plate connected with the return wire. So far nothing could happen to disturb the peace of mind of his ratship. His next move, however, would be to place his forefeet on copper plate No. 1, on which the cheese had been placed. The instant the front feet of the rat touched this piece of copper he would complete the electric circuit. The current would shoot through his body and he would drop dead before he had time to make a squeak.

There was nothing about the contrivance to indicate a trap, even to the oldest and wisest rat. The cheese was in plain sight and apparently easy to get and by its smell attracted rats from all over the warehouse. The whole arrangement looked so innocent that even the sight of the bodies of their predecessors did not frighten away the hungry rats. On the morning after the rat electrocution trap was first tried over a score of dead rats were found. The next evening half a dozen similar traps were set, all meeting with the success of the first. It was plain that the rat question was settled, so far as that warehouse was concerned.

'I think I ought to get out a patent for my electric chair for thieving rats,' said the inventor of the novel trap, proudly. 'And besides any money my scheme might bring me, I think I am entitled to a large medal from the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, for the rats don't suffer the least pain. They are dead before they know what has happened.'—'The Presbyterian.'

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The following are the contents of the issue of Feb. 11, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

A Wide-Reaching Decision—The Boston 'Herald.'
Interview with Father Gapon—Special Correspondence of the Manchester 'Guardian.'
One of Russia's Patriots—Mme. Breshkofskaya, her Efforts and Anticipations—The Springfield 'Republican.'
Finland's Appeal to the Emperor—The 'Morning Post,' London.
The Premier's Fiscal Creed—Extract from his Manchester Speech—English Papers.
Mr. John Morley's Impressions of Canada and the United States—English Papers.
The Welsh Revival—An old Scottish Parallel—Manchester 'Guardian.'
A Sunday Afternoon in London—Athletics and Ethics—By H. M., in the 'Daily News.'
The Psychology of Sales—By Rose M. Bradley, in the 'Outlook,' London.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Another Notable Book on Japanese Art—Described by John La Farge—The New York 'Evening Post.'
Decorative Pianos—The 'Musical News,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

Calais Beach—Sonnet, by Wordsworth.
Keats' Last Sonnet.
The Don Quixote Tercentary—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
The Life of Cervantes—By W. B. H., in the 'Daily News,' London.
In Memory of Cervantes—Speech by Sir Henry Irving—The 'Standard,' London.
New Books About Lhasa—The 'Scotsman,' Edinburgh.
An Academic Tariff Reformer—The 'Church Times.'
Early Christian Life—Professor von Dobschutz's Book Reviewed by Dr. Rashdall, of Oxford, in the 'Speaker,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

The Heavens in February—By Garrett P. Serviss, in the 'Scientific American.'
A Physician's Advice to Physicians—The 'World,' New York.

THINGS NEW AND OLD.

PASSING EVENTS.

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LITTLE FOLKS

—The 'Leisure Hour.'

An Anxious Mother.

(An Incident Seen and Sketched on the Round Pond, Kensington.)

The Round Pond is a beautiful little sheet of water close by Kensington Palace, London, England, where the late Queen Victoria lived when a little girl. In the bright summer days, there are always children around it, sailing their toy boats or feeding the tame ducks. Often they play at yacht races and name their boats after famous yachts to see which will win the cup.

In the picture, some fluffy little ducklings had hopped into one of the toy boats, and the sight of her little brood on board so strange a craft fills the mother's heart with fear. As the boat is wafted hither and thither by the breeze, it is not so easy for the ducklings to get out as it was to get in, so the brave little mother can do nothing but swim along close beside them as they drift, waiting till some happy chance shall bring her darlings back to her side in the water where they will be quite at home and out of unknown danger.

Tillie's Knitting-Work Lesson

When my grandma was young, little girls were taught to do many useful things. Little girls thought it no hardship to wash and dry the dishes and spread up the beds after a stronger hand had shaken the great feather mattresses; and all the doll clothes of those days must have been well made, because the 'little mothers' were given every day a lesson in sewing, crocheting, or knitting, as soon as they were old enough to learn.

One day, one summer, grandma's

mother called her three little daughters to her, and said: 'I am going to teach you to knit. I will give a reward for the first pair of socks; and how proud papa will be to wear them!'

Then she gave Lucinda, Alida, and little Tillie each a great ball of yarn and a set of shining knitting-needles. She patiently spent a great deal of time in showing them how to 'set up a sock' on three needles, and how to hold it, and how to use the fourth needle to really 'knit.'

The upper maid, Dinah, was to show them how to shape the heel and toe, and 'narrow' and 'bind off,' as she herself was to be away for some weeks.

So every day very soon each little girl took her ball and needles, and went away to her own favorite nook, and for some time a very lively race went on for the prize.

For at least a fortnight the little girls knitted industriously. Then Alida began to weary, even before one sock was completed, and Lucinda's sock grew very slowly, though the knitting always showed even and smooth.

But how little Tillie did work! Her small fingers fairly flew. Her little white pet rabbits nibbled at the ball of yarn and wondered why Tillie did not have a word to say to them. Every day she took her little stool out into the grape arbor and diligently knitted away, though the shouts of the children paddling in the brook came to her ears, the loudest among them the voices of her two sisters.

'I will finish first,' she said, 'I will win the prize! I know I can!'

After a very long time to Tillie, and a surprisingly short time to the sisters, Tillie announced—it was on the day after mamma's return home—that her socks were finished; and then Alida wished she had not been having such a good time, and had more to show than just one-half of a sock, not very tidy looking. Lucinda had finished one sock, and it was very prettily and evenly knitted; but she, too, was ashamed that little Tillie had outdone her.

Tillie had the pair of socks on mamma's lap with a triumphant little smile.

The three little girls hovered near while mamma slipped one of the socks over her hand.

But what do you think?

There was about a hundred little holes, where Tillie had dropped a stitch every now and then! Alas! and the other sock was quite as bad.

Mamma smiled as she said: 'These socks will have to be darned before they can be worn.'

Alida laughed merrily, but Lucinda put her arms around poor little Tillie, whose tears were falling softly over the careless work.

'Never mind, Tillie,' she said; 'you will get the prize, for you did knit the first pair!'

Well, grandma's mamma—grandma was Tillie—gave them each a prize for learning to knit, a little work-box, with needles, scissors, thread, and tiny thimble.

'Tillie has learned something else, too, I think,' said mamma, as she stooped to kiss the tear-stained and sorry little face. Then she gave Tillie her work-box, a pretty blue one, and said, in a whisper, 'Make haste slowly!'

Grandma says it has been over fifty years since she won that prize, and she has forgotton how to knit; but the lesson she learned with her knitting she will never forget.—Mary Goodwin Hubbell, in 'Little Folks.'

Two Boxes.

If I knew the box where the smiles were kept
No matter how large the key
Or strong the bolt, I would try so hard
'Twould open, I know, for me;
Then over the land and sea, broadcast,
I'd scatter the smiles to play,
That the children's faces might hold them fast
For many and many a day.

If I knew a box was large enough
To hold all the frowns I meet,
I would like to gather them, every one,
From nursery, school and street;
Then, folding and holding, I'd pack them in
And, turning the monster key,
I'd hire a giant to drop the box
To the depths of the deep, deep sea.—Ex.

What Led Milly's Father To Reform.

(By Frances A. Foster, in 'Ram's Horn.')

Milly, I am so cold, can't we have some more wood? I won't cry then, truly, I won't.'

'I wish we could,' sighed Milly, as she held the child closer, 'but if we have it now there will not be any for to-morrow. Try to go to sleep and papa will soon be here.'

Milly, a girl of eleven, was the eldest of the three children. This poverty was very hard for her to bear, as she could remember the time when her mother was living and they had a happy home together, never knowing what it meant to go hungry. But now it was all so different. The father had taken to drink and they were compelled to make this deserted shanty, about a mile from the village, their home.

The father was often away for days at a time, while Milly struggled hard to provide for the younger children. In the fall she would gather nuts from the trees and sell them in the village. In summer, she picked berries and it was not so hard, but when winter came the little girl was often discouraged, as she gathered wood for the scanty fire.

'If father would only bring us something to eat,' she thought wistfully. 'Freda and Harry are so hungry.'

Soon it grew dark and Milly lit the one remaining candle, and sat by the window to look for father, but he did not come. 'I must go and find him,' she sobbed. 'I will have to leave Freda and Harry alone, but I must find father.'

Late that night a man was hurrying along in the darkness towards his home. Milly's father, for it was he, was thinking of the children he loved so well in his sober moments. Suddenly, he stumbled against something in his path. Stooping down he gave a cry of surprise and a few minutes later he was hurrying back the way he had come, with Milly's unconscious form in his arms. When she opened her eyes her father was bending over her.

None of the children ever went hungry again. The father was so affected by his little daughter's devotion that he never tasted another drop of liquor, and as he was a good workman, when sober, he was able to keep them all in comfort.

LESSON X.—MARCH 5.

Jesus at the Feast of Tabernacles.

John vii., 37-46.

Golden Text.

Never man spake like this man. John vii., 46.

Commit verse 37.

Home Readings.

Monday, Feb. 27.—John vii., 37-46.
Tuesday, Feb. 28.—John vii., 1-15.
Wednesday, March 1.—John vii., 27-36.
Thursday, March 2.—Is. xii., 1-6.
Friday, March 3.—Is. xliv., 1-8.
Saturday, March 4.—Is. lv., 1-13.
Sunday, March 5.—Joel ii., 21-29.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

A glance at the opening of the chapter shows the circumstances under which Jesus came to this feast. He was practically an exile from the political and ecclesiastical centre of the nation. It was imprudent for him to 'walk in Jewry.' The larger part of his public ministry was spent in Galilee, a place so obscure ecclesiastically as compared with Judea that it was next to doing his miracles in secret to perform them there. But he was not inactive because he could not 'sit in Moses' seat.' He 'walked' in Galilee and did works, teaching, preaching and healing. Incidentally the course pursued by Jesus is an admirable object-lesson. Because the highest sphere is not open to one is no reason why the sphere which is open should not be filled to its rim with one's best deeds.

The advice of Jesus' brothers that he should go into Judea and work miracles was an iteration of the devil's temptation for him to cast himself down from a pinnacle of the temple; namely, perform some prodigy in the very presence of the rulers, and thus extort immediate acknowledgment of his Messiahship. Theirs was the wisdom of this world. 'If one wants to be known, and, of course, that is the thing to be desired, he must be ostentatious and force public attention.' How ill could they understand a kingdom that cometh not with observation. They had heard in vain the parable of the leaven in the meal.

Had Jesus come to the feast with the Galilean caravan he might have appeared a partisan. Sectional animosity, always ripe, would have been inflamed; preaching would have been out of the question and riot imminent. Divine his prudence! When the edge of curiosity had been taken off by lapse of time, the murmuring and interchange of opinion, as well as the progress of the festive services, unheralded and with benignant calmness, the Master appeared in the temple, and on an occasion especially designated by the law for the purpose of instruction, he took the task out of the unworthy hands of the Pharisees.

The evangelist gives us but the briefest outline of what was, perhaps, an extended discourse, well named 'the first great colloquy with the Jewish populace and their rulers'—a discourse much interrupted by the contradiction of sinners. Jesus' exordium consists in an affirmation of the Divine origin of his teaching. 'My doctrine is not that of a mere man, as I appear to be. It is not earthly wisdom. It is the message of Jehovah, who sent me. This shall be confirmed by an inward consciousness to those who obediently receive it.'

Bread, water, light, the indispensables, are the emblems Jesus selected to represent his offices to the human soul. It was his custom to draw contrasts to passing events. Probably after the pretty illumination in the temple, caused by the lighting of the multitudinous lamps upon the candelabra in the treasury, he exclaimed, 'I am the Light of the world.' So, on this occasion, when the priest came with the rejoicing processional, bearing aloft the golden urn filled with water from Siloam, in memory of the water miraculously supplied in the wilderness, and was just on the point of pouring it out beside the altar, Jesus diverted attention from the joyous spectacle. He cried in strong antithesis, 'If any man thirst, let him come to me!' Limitless the invitation! The 'whosoever' of the Apocalypse is an echo to this, 'If any man.' He identifies himself with that spiritual Rock that followed the fathers in the wilderness and of which they drank. It is evidence of the invincible depravity of the human heart that even Jesus could not convince his hearers. There was a division at the close of the service. The Prince of Peace had brought a sword. The gospel still causes a tumult in the heart of the individual, creates a variance, and makes even those of the same household foes. Yet its ultimate effect is peace for the individual and the race. The trend of the Christian centuries is steadily out of sin and strife and toward universal millennial righteousness, peace and joy.

LIGHTS ON THE LESSON.

Tabernacles was pre-eminently a joyous feast. The rabbis say, 'He has not seen joy who has not seen the joy of the drawing of the water.' But Pentecost eclipses Tabernacles. It was 'joy unspeakable and full of glory.' Jesus' words had quick fulfilment. 'Out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water.' Peter's sermon was a torrent of salvation at which three thousand drank.

The booths of the Tabernacle Feast commemorated those in which the Jews lodged for the last time before entering the wilderness. This feast was also a harvest home, and celebrated the ingathering of the fruits of the field. It ended the annual reading of the Pentateuch, for on the last day of the feast the last section of the law was read. These eight days were especially commemorative of Jehovah's fatherly care of Israel in the wilderness.

Religion is not in the blood; it is not a matter of heredity, or else Jesus' own brothers would not have been sceptics. Devout parents, even ministers, have wayward sons. This is no more an argument against religion than the unbelief of Jesus' brothers was a reflection upon him or a discount of his doctrine.

The marvelling of the Jews is that of the ages. Jesus' words are miracles of speech. They are 'spirit' and 'life.' The framers of the Racovian Catechism, attempting to account for the preternatural wisdom of Jesus, affirmed that he attained it by ascending into heaven, supposedly after the manner of Moses in the mount. It is more natural to admit Jesus to be the original Source of the doctrine he taught, as he himself affirmed. 'I speak truth; I am Truth.'

Prejudice, deference for authority, and that better mood, teachableness, produced a contrariety of opinions and corresponding attitudes. Some pronounced him a good man (faint praise), others a deceiver, some marvelled, and others said he was possessed; some, after the manner of Thomas Hughes, admired his manliness; others wanted the opinion of the rulers. Some would have done him violence; others thought him a prophet, and happily many believed. There is still the surf of human thought about this great historic character. He is set for the fall and rise of many. He is a savior of life or death.

NOTES FROM THE COMMENTARIES.

Last day: The octave of the feast.—Edersheim. That great day: On the seven days sacrifices were offered for the seventy nations of the earth; on the eighth day sacrifice was made for Israel, so it was more highly esteemed than the others.—Clark. Jesus stood: Probably first in the treasury of the temple, but later in one of the porches, where there would be greater freedom, for the porches were not considered as forming a part of the temple in a strict sense. There the people might generally propound questions, answer, or assent; stones could be picked up there. Thence Jesus could easily pass out.—Edersheim. If any man thirst: The ceremony of pouring out the water pointed to the gracious influence of the Holy Spirit. The Lord, who was the Fountain whence it was to proceed, called the people to himself.—Clark. There is an inner thirst as there is an inner man, deeper and stronger than thirst of the body.—Schaff. Likeness of Spirit to water. Scriptures abound in this metaphor.—Clark. As the Scripture said. Reference not to any isolated passage, but to the general tenor of such passages as Isa. lvii., 11.—Westcott. Out of his belly: From within him—his heart and soul. Rivers: Type of abundance. Not yet given: Disposition of the Spirit was not yet.—Alford. Jesus not yet glorified: First reference to the Lord's glorification: conception characteristic of John's Gospel. John regarded Christ's death as his victory, following the words of the Lord, who identified the hour of his death with the hour of his glorification.—Westcott. Said: Kept saying, considerable discussion. The Prophet: The promise might relate to no particular prophet, nor directly and exclusively to the Messiah, but might treat of the sending of prophets generally; nevertheless, the comparison instituted between the promised prophet and Moses inclines us to regard the words as referring to the Messiah.—Delitzsch. Improperly distinguished—by the Jews—from the Messiah.—Clark.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, March 5.—Topic—The making of a Christian: his speech. Ps. cxlv., 1-12, 21; Matt. x., 32, 33. (Consecration meeting.)

Junior C. E. Topic.

PRAYER.

Monday, Feb. 27.—God will answer prayer. Ps. l., 14, 15.

Tuesday, Feb. 28.—A prayer of confession. Dan. ix., 3-9.

Wednesday, March 1.—A prayer for Jerusalem. Dan. ix., 1-19.

Thursday, March 2.—A prayer answered. Dan. ix., 20-23.

Friday, March 3.—A prayer of repentance. Ps. li., 1-10.

Saturday, March 4.—Talking with God. Ex. xxxiii., 7-11.

Sunday, March 5.—Topic—A lesson in prayer. Ex. xxxiii., 12-17.

Surviving Persecution.

Years ago, when Christians in Madagascar were subjected to much persecution, many of them were stoned to death, burned alive, or hurled from the rocks, because they would not give up the Word of God. For twenty years the maltreatment was continued, and then missionary work was allowed to be reopened in the country. To the astonishment of all, it was discovered that there were more real Christians in various parts of the country, who, throughout the persecution, had remained true, than had been found before the trouble commenced. So truth will ever be triumphant, whatever the persecution. Though John the Baptist was bound and put in prison his work did not suffer, for the Lord carried it on.—'The Christian.'

A Politician's Opinion

The late Sir William Vernon Harcourt, M.P., England, once said:—'The Sunday-school has been the most remarkable engine for regenerating the condition of the world. It is a labor of love to a large degree, love towards him to whom the service is rendered, and love towards those, many of whom have little else of love which they know in this world. It brings, especially to the poor of our cities, those consolations and those hopes of which they have so much need.'

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Correspondence

OUR BIRTHDAY BOOK.

FEBRUARY.

1.
Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you. John xiv., 27.
Myrtle Wood.

2.
Blessed with all spiritual blessings in Christ. Eph. i., 3,
Isaac Hallamne.

3.
My people shall be satisfied with my goodness. Jer. xxxi., 14.
Emily J. A. Carter.

4.
God is able to make all grace abound toward you. Col. iii., 16.
Raymond S., Jean H. Beddome, Martha Jane Towe.

11.
Open thy mouth wide and I will fill it. Ps. lxxxi., 10.
J. Harold Kenedy. Norman Good.

12.
Consider how great things he hath done for you. I. Sam. xii., 24.
C. E. M.

13.
The eye of the Lord is upon them that fear him. Ps. xxxiii., 18.
Joseph Newton Patterson.

14.
Walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called. Eph. iv., 1.
Stella Hilts. Bessie Brown.

18.
Be ye followers of God. Eph. v., 1.
Robert A. Reid, Harold Fowler, Rina Evans B.

20.
He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness. John viii., 12.
Pearl Hazelton. Olive T. Forbes.

22.
God was their rock, . . . their Reedemer. Ps. lxxvii.
Elsie B. Sterrit.

24.
An inheritance reserved in heaven for you. I. Peter 1., 4.
Hazel O'Neil. Thomas F.

27.
Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul. Heb. vi., 19.
Mildred Lovell. George Oke.

28.
My tongue shall sing of thy righteolsness. Ps. li., 14.
Hazel Gooding.

Note.—You will notice we have just written texts for those who sent in their names.—Cor. Editor.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Letters have also been received from the following:—H. Newton S., Toronto; Percie A. G., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.; Willie F., Seguin Falls, Ont.; Myrtle M. C., Elphin, Ont.; E. G. T., Clyde, Ont.; Cyril McK., New Glasgow, N.S.; Helen L. I., Oak Point, N.B.; Willie James E., Hamilton, Ont.; Clarence P. (12), Hymers, New Ont.; Hilda G. B, Woodstock, Ont.; C. G. M., Perth, Ont.; Frances H., Reno, Kan.; Elmer F., Papineau, Que.; Beryl P., and Beulah P., Lisgar, Que.; Ethel G., Springfield, N.S.; Rosa I. R., Urbania, N.S.; Sarah R. S, Port Hood N.S; Emily J. A. S, New Liskeard, Ont.; Marion J. (a poem), Suffield, Que; Ella Marjory F., St. Martins, N.B.; G. Bliss B., Curryville, N.B.; Josephine C, Cape Sable Island, N.S.; Bessie B., Tiverton, Ont.; Lyle P., Linwood, Ont.; Ethel C. B. (aged 14), Cuba, New York; Bertha J. McK. (aged 11), Grunsthorpe, Ont.; Shirley R. W., Queen's Co., N.B.; also Evelin O'Neal, Percy S. (aged 10), Adelia S. (aged 8), J. D. S., Mamie Campbell, Amelia Lawry, Edith McDonald, Myra Hinmam, Geo. U. P., Constant Reader, C. McM.

ABOUT LETTERS.

Don't forget to give full address when writing.

ABOUT PICTURES.

You will notice that to-day the pictures are by girls and boys of various ages. Next week we will have a set by those of thirteen or over. Another day we shall give a set drawn by artists eight and eleven years old.

Brookholm, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I enjoy very much reading the 'Messenger' for one and a half years, through 'Messenger' every Sunday at Sunday-school.

Carrie E. O. (aged 16), South Mountain, N.B.

Gordon W. (aged 15), Carnduff, Assa.

Willie G. (aged 10), Ingersoll, Ont.

Charles P. (aged 12), Suffield, Que.

Gordon C. A. (aged 11), West Brook, N.S.

Evelyn M. R. (aged 15) South Victoria, N.S.

Nelson A. T. (aged 7), Reid's Mills, Ont.

Francis H. (aged 12), Gunter, Ont.

Violet G. (aged 13), Dashwood, Ont.

(It is curious that two studies of the same picture should come from two different places. Violet G. gives us the explanatory couplet:—

'The swan on still St. Mary's Lake,
Floats double, swan and shadow.'

—Editor.

I like the Correspondence and the Little Folks' Pages the best. I am a little girl eleven years of age. I go to school every day, and am in the senior third class. I take up arithmetic, history, literature, grammar, spelling, reading, composition, drawing, physiology, and writing. I have a father and mother, two brothers and one sister. I am the eldest in the family. This is a very pretty place in the summer. I will close with best wishes to all readers.

LOTTIE E. R.

Lenore, Man.

Dear Editor,—I received my Bible, and I thank the Editor very much. I think that the Bible is very pretty. J. G. R. (aged 8).

Lost River, Que.

Dear Editor,—My favorite books are:—'Waverley,' 'See for Yourself,' 'Buy Your Own Cherries,' and 'The Captain's Story.'

NEIL McM.

Temperance

'Open for Business.'

That is the sign we saw over the entrance to a renovated building in a Chicago street.

The vestibule was finished in marble. The windows were artistic and beautiful. On either side of the steps were shining brass handrails. Peering through the open door we saw polished woodwork and glistening mirrors, and furniture of latest pattern and finest finish.

'Open for business!' What sort of business?

Is the newly furnished place to be a store or office? Is some branch of legitimate business to be carried on? Are persons who enter to trade there assured of an equivalent for the dollars they expend?

Nay nay.

'Open for business!' The business of emptying men's pockets, debauching their bodies, dethroning their reason, despoiling their homes, starving their children, effacing the image of God from the soul, and blotting out all hope of heaven.

Yet this is the kind of business that is flourishing as no other business is.

It is the business which is authorized and legalized by the votes of the citizens of this land.

'Open for business!'

How long will the gilded man-trap be allowed to remain open?

Until the patriotic people of the nation get their eyes open to the shocking results of the diabolical trade, and arise in righteous anger and bolt and bar the doors.—'Epworth Herald.'

Forced to Fight.

Temperance people should always be glad to hear of active and open opposition on the part of the liquor trade, though it should stimulate them to redoubled effort; for this opposition indicates their feeling that the traffic is in danger.

The following circular issued by the Brewers' and Distillers' Association of the United States needs little comment. One point we may take note of—the liquor people will spare 'neither pains nor money.' When Christian people who oppose this traffic in crime and misery stand shoulder to shoulder and do the same thing—'spare neither pains nor money'—then, and not till then, the victory will be ours. The circular says:

'In order to protect ourselves and our business it is imperative that every means possible for self-protection be used.

'Our best friend is the newspaper. This being the case, we are going to make it worth something to them to stand by us in this thing. I have recently been put in charge of this department of work, with instructions to spare neither pains nor money in this one of the hardest fights we have yet had to put up.'

'What will you charge us for the use of, say, one of your editorial columns per week, we to furnish material, you to publish it as editorial matter?

'Of course we will have to be conservative in handling this organization, except where we are sure of our grounds; then we will make every edge cut to serve our purpose. And this matter will have to be kept sub rosa. This is my instruction, and I have to make a confidant of you, and I can make it pay you.

'Please let me have your terms as soon as possible, money to accompany each article. Yours truly.'—'Pioneer.'

He didn't Need It.

'What, Mr. M——,' said a wedding guest to a clergyman, 'don't you drink wine at a wedding?'

'No, sir,' was the reply; 'I will take a glass of water.'

'But, sir,' said the officious guest, 'you recollect the advice of Paul to Timothy, to take a little wine for his infirmity?'

'I have no infirmity,' was the sententious reply.—'Christian Age.'

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$200.00 will be awarded to the one sending us in the largest amount of subscription money for any of our publications (S. S. clubs to 'Messenger' excepted) before the end of **May, 1905.**

This competition opened some weeks ago, but has not been taken up at all generally yet, as so many take a long time to understand the value of such generous commissions and a prize of $200.00.

REMEMBER

The Prize will not interfere with the Discounts and Commissions, which in themselves are well worth working for.

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HOUSEHOLD.

Mother's Boys.

Yes, I know there are stains on my carpet,
The traces of small, muddy boots;
And I see your fair tapestry glowing
All spotless with blossoms and fruits!

And I know that my walls are disfigured
With prints of small fingers and hands,
And that your own household whiteness
All fresh in its purity stands.

And I know that my parlor is littered
With many odd treasures and toys,
While your own is in daintiest order,
Unharmed by the presence of boys!

And I know that my room is invaded
Quite boldly all hours of the day,
While you sit in your own unmolested,
And dream the soft quiet away.

Yes, I know there are four little bedsides
Where I must stand watchful each night,
While you may go out in your carriage,
And flash in your dresses so bright!

Now I think I'm a neat little woman
I like my house orderly, too;
And I'm fond of all dainty belongings,
Yet I would not change places with you!

No! keep your fair home with its order,
Its freedom from bother and noise!
And keep your own fanciful leisure,
But give me my four splendid boys!
—Selected.

The Bible in the Home.

(Arthur Train Belknap, in the 'Standard.')

As the foreign missionary is hindered in his work because his hearers have no adequate idea of God in their minds, the work of the modern minister is made difficult by the general ignorance of the Bible among those to whom he ministers. It is largely an unused book even among the members of Christian churches. Allusions to Bible characters are misunderstood or unrecognized, references to Bible history confuse the hearer, while it is as unsafe to suppose that a congregation is familiar with the doctrines of the Bible as it is to consider them familiar with the philosophy of Herbert Spencer. Few realize the situation or appreciate the present and prospective consequence. If the Bible is the unique book the church has found it to be, its neglect will certainly result in the decline of the church and the decay of spiritual life. When the spring is dried up the stream ceases to flow.

A few inquiries in an ordinary Sunday-school among children taken not from the slums, but from Christian homes, will usually convince one that the Bible is a neglected book. Or, if it seems too much to ask that children should be as familiar with the great names of the Bible through the training of the home as they are with heroes of heathen mythology through the training of the public school, the results of investigation among average college students cannot be gainsaid. A year and more ago some college students were asked to explain twenty-two quotations from Tennyson. Each quotation contained a biblical allusion and the only information necessary to answer them correctly was familiarity with such well known Bible stories for example as Jacob's ladder, Lot's wife, Jonah's gourd, or the marriage at Cana. On such questions the young men examined averaged only 43 percent of correct answers, while the young women answered 49 percent of the questions. It is an indisputable fact that even educated men and women are unfamiliar with the text of the English Bible.

This is a momentous change. From the time of the Reformation until recent years the English Bible had been a familiar book to the people. At an earlier date King Alfred even had portions rendered into the then current English speech. A universal acquaintance with the scripture on the part of educated men and a general acquaintance with the Bible on the part of all the people has been one of the great moulding influences in the history of English speaking peoples since the Reformation. A new condition has arisen. The Bible has become comparatively a neglected book. Whence the cause and where the cure?

The modern methods of Bible study are not much to be blamed for a condition which had begun to exist before the higher criticism had been heard of by the average man. We cannot lay the blame at the door of the public school which in a heterogeneous democracy cannot give religious instruction, nor at the door of the church which is giving the Bible an increased place in its services. Ignorance of the Bible cannot be the fault of the Sunday-school, which, with all its mistakes, is established to counteract this very danger.

The difficulty is with the home. There has been neglect of personal religious training in the family. The home is the chief root of that which is good and that which is evil in the life of men. The training of children is a task parents cannot delegate to any teacher. They are personally responsible for the lives they have called into being. They have the first and best as well as the longest opportunity to influence their children. Ignorance of the Bible among the young is a result of neglect of the Bible in the home.

Many parents shrink from the task, but any one who owns an English Bible and will take a little time to read it can give his own children a more valuable training in the Bible than they are likely ever to receive from any one else. What should be done? Let there be family prayers in every Christian home every day. Begin the practice early, so early that the oldest child cannot remember when he did not hear his father's voice reading from the sacred page and leading the family in prayer.

It is not safe for either father or mother to neglect religious instruction until their children are old enough to read. At that time some of the best opportunities are already past. In any case the most impressive teaching is never given through the printed page, but through the human voice. This is the mother's unique opportunity. The things mother tells us are the things we remember and the things we believe. Let a mother tell her children Bible stories. She will find that old book a perfect storehouse of the most interesting stories in the world. If she does not already know them let her first read them for herself and then tell the story she has read.

In that precious hour before bedtime let the tired little feet rest a bit while the listening ears drink in the tales that have thrilled men for generations. Tell them of Moses in Egypt, of David the shepherd boy, of Daniel the prophet, of John the Baptist, of Jesus. Very early begin to read the Bible itself. Properly selected passages from the Bible are more interesting to young children than any book of Bible stories ever could be. Once begun do not drop the practice until the children are grown up. Let the children know the Bible as interpreted to them by the voices of father and mother. Thus taught they will remember. As they read for themselves they will remember the interpretation given by father or mother. There have been mothers who from the time their children could listen until the time they left the home nest have read to them every night the last thing before bedtime a chapter from the Bible and led them in the Lord's Prayer. Would that such might be a common practice in Christian homes.

Nothing but that which the ordinary Christian can do is necessary. If the Bible is given opportunity it will do the needed work. It is fitted to meet men's needs. If it is known it can then be obeyed. Ignorance almost compels disobedience. A man saturated in the Bible may go wrong, but if so he has himself to blame. In the Bible there is self-evidencing power. If it is known and obeyed no attacks upon it will be feared. Let the Bible again take its proper place in the home and it will prove its worth.

In a time when men are soberly considering the proper measures to preserve peace and security to our common country the influence of the Bible and of the Christian home should be noted. A democracy is safe when it rests upon the Christian family; the family is safe when it rests upon the Bible. We can do no better service to our nation, to our church, to our family, to ourselves, than to see that the children under our care are properly trained in the knowledge and the fear of God as in Holy Scripture revealed.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Feb., it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

The Happiest Woman.

(Helen M. Winslow, in 'Union Gospel News.')

Who is the happiest woman you know? Is she the richest? Is she the handsomest? Is and the most famous? Has she done any great and noteworthy thing to bring her into the public eye?

No, far from it. Fame never yet made any human creature truly happy. On the contrary, it usually seeks to spoil his peace of mind; it interrupts his private life, and makes all sorts of insolent demands on his time and thought. When you are famous you belong to the public, you cease to belong to the little private circle of those who love you.

'Oh, for a quiet hour to sit down and read a book with my family,' sighed a man who is famous on two continents. 'But, no, I belong to the public, and the public does not give me time to live.'

Ask any woman who is doing what the world calls great things, and she will tell you, doubtless, that she is happy in having satisfied her desire to achieve some particular thing; but if her face glows, and she cries joyfully, 'I am the happiest woman in the world!' you may come to one of two conclusions: Either she is very, very new at her accomplishment; the reaction is yet to come, or else it is some more intimate, more personal joy than either her book or her picture that gives the real crown to her happiness.

I know two women who grew up together in a little country town. One married a well-to-do farmer and settled down within a mile of her father's house, to what the world would call a 'humdrum' existence. The other went out into the great world and worked hard, spurred on by a great ambition. She has risen to eminence in her profession, and her name is known throughout the land. But she never married.

A few months since these two women met, and the farmer's wife, rosy and hearty, said, 'Oh, Fannie, I'm so proud of you and your success. Why didn't I, too, go away as you did and accomplish some thing? I, too, might have been great.'

But Fannie only smiled and looked around at the growing family of fine boys and girls; then she said: 'Oh, Nell, you might have been great, but couldn't have been happy. I'd give it all to-day, to be the mother of this splendid family.'

And so, while ambition is a beautiful and necessary thing, it is not happiness, any more than a ten-mile tramp is rest. And it never yet satisfied the heart that was made for joy —as what woman's heart is not, even though her joy gets half its bliss from sorrow?

Nay, the happiest woman in the world is not she who is filling some lofty seat in the full glare of the public eye. It may be right for that woman to be there. It was not meant that all women should be happy to their fullest capacity. Doubtless, she is of great use there. But she is not the happiest woman in the world.

The happiest woman in the world is she who is contentedly serving those she loves. That is the truth in a nutshell, and any honest woman who looks into her own heart with understanding eyes will confess it.

What is life, anyway, but service? All of us find that out sooner or later. And the woman whose privilege it is to minister to those she loves—whose place in the world is to make life glad for those who love her, is the happiest woman in it. It is a privilege not given to all. Other tasks call some too loudly to be ignored.

But let those to whom it is given—the sweet, homemakers, the loved wives and mothers and sisters—awake to their joy while they yet have it, and sing all through these glad days of the springtime, for theirs is the happiest lot on earth.

When Mother is Ill.

A writer says:—Being one of two girls, and our mother being quite ill recently, it was our duty as well as our pleasure to wait upon her. My sister being away daytimes, she waited on mother at night, and I in the daytime. I had not very great success in making her comfortable, but as soon as sister came home and had been with her a short time, mother would feel very much better. I began to think out what could make the difference. For one thing, it was loving attention and forethought. I have just as much affection for our mother, but had not thought enough of how to show

my affection when she was ill. One can wait on a sick person and think she is doing all she can, yet there will be something lacking. If hot cloths are to be applied and replaced, they should not be handled as though the patient had some infectious disease. Dirty dishes, spoons, etc., should not be left in the room, but can be quietly removed without being asked to do so. Anything that can be done without referring it to the sick one should be done. If it is the mother who is sick, no family discussion should be referred to her, as is usual when she is well. This is a good time for the children to practise relying on themselves, and not run to mother with every small trouble. If there is pain or distress in head, shoulders, chest, cold feet, etc., the hair can be gently brushed, which is very soothing to the nerves. Back or limbs can be rubbed with the hand, or better still, with a massage roller, and made much more comfortable. A hot-water bottle can be applied to the feet, and done with a kind and loving spirit and feeling, that will add much to the benefits conferred.—'Health Culture.'

'Inasmuch As Ye Did It Not.'

'Master, I have this day broken no law of the ten—have hurt no one. Is it enough?'

'Child, there stood one by thy side burdened with heavy tasks of lowly, earthly labor. For a little help, a little easing of the burden, he looked to thee. Thou hast time and strength.'

'Master, I did not see.'

'Thine eye were turned within. There was an ignorant one crying from out his darkness, "Will none teach me?" I have given thee knowledge.'

'Master, I did not hear.'

'Thine ear was dull. There came a guest to seek thy converse, a human friend in quest of fellowship. I marked thy sigh, thy frown. Why was thy heart not glad?'

'I was reading. I hate to be disturbed to be called from great thoughts to trifling talk.'

'The children would have had thee some few moments in their play. Without thee they went wrong—how far wrong thou wilt not know. It is too late.'

'Child's play? But I was searching for a hidden truth of spiritual import.'

Oil Cure for Cancer.

Dr D. M. Bye has discovered a combination of oils that readily cure cancer, catarrh, tumors and malignant skin diseases. He has cured thousands of persons within the last ten years, over one hundred of whom were physicians. Readers having friends afflicted should cut this out and send it to them. Book sent free giving particulars and prices of Oils. Address the home office, Dr. D. M. Bye Co., Drawer 505, Indianapolis, Ind.

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Rev. E. D. Sherman, Harrow, Essex County, Ontario, whose portrait here appears, is cured at 66 years, by the great Discovery of the Rupture Specialist, Dr. W. S. Rice, 2½ East Queen St. (Block 83), Toronto, Ont. To all Ruptured sufferers, who write at once, Dr. Rice will send FREE, his BOOK, "Can Rupture be Cured," and a FREE TRIAL of his DISCOVERY. Do not wait, write to-day.

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Just for selling one dozen copies of our new century publication, 'World Wide,' at 5 cents each. A fifty cent certificate accompanies each copy. Sells at sight to the best people in each community. It is the cheapest and best of its kind. This offer is extended for one month from date of this issue.

This is a regular Man's Jack Knife, and any boy who gets it will have something to be proud of. Ask by post card for one dozen copies of 'World Wide,' and they will be sent immediately.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Montreal.

LAKE PARK, Minn., Jan. 30, 1905.

Dear Sirs,—I received the knife to-day and am greatly delighted with it. Many thanks.

Yours truly,
ELMER MELBY.

'Thou didst not turn aside to lift that lame one who had fallen by the way.'

'I was in haste to do what I had planned. I meant to help him when I should return.'

'Another lifted him. And shall I question further?'—Unknown.

Children's Study Hour.

Says a physician: 'I abominate night parties for children. I believe every physician does. It is not so much the exercise and the eating in the night and the bad associations formed, of a high-class sort possibly, but the breaking into the sleep habit. Equally bad is it for children to study in the evening. It gorges their brains with blood, and if they sleep they dream. I had a little patient of twelve years who was wasted and nervous, and whose dreams were filled with problems. It was a marvel and a pride to his parents that the youngster worked out hard problems in his sleep such as he failed to master when awake. But he came to his final problem. I locked up his books at four o'clock. He must not touch one after supper. He must play and romp, and then go to bed. He is now robust. You can not emphasize too strongly the mischief of children's night study.'—'The Morning Star.'

Selected Recipes.

Spiced Beef.—Mix together two ounces of brown sugar, four ounces of salt, one-quarter of an ounce of saltpetre, one-half of an ounce of black pepper, one-half of an ounce of ground all-spice, one-quarter of an ounce of cloves, one-quarter of an ounce of ginger. Trim and wipe a five-pound piece of round of beef, rub it well with half the mixture, put in an earthern dish and stand away in a cool place. Next day rub in the remainder of the spiced mixture and set away as before. Turn every other day for a fortnight then put all in a kettle, add sufficient boiling water to cover and simmer until tender Let stand in the liquor until cold, remove it and slice as needed

No Breakfast Table complete without

EPPS'S

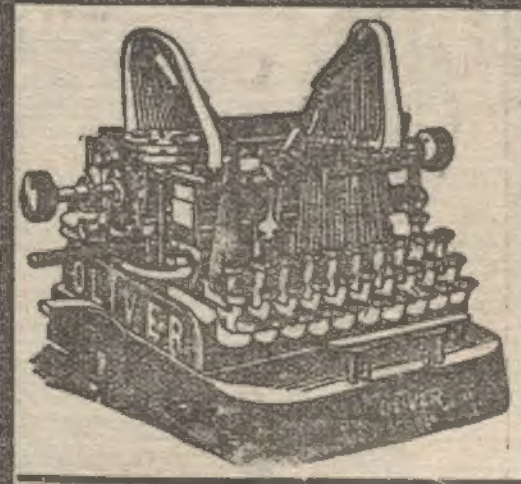
An admirable food, with all its natural qualities intact, fitted to build up and maintain robust health, and to resist winter's extreme cold. It is a valuable diet for children.

COCOA

The Most Nutritious and Economical.

Onion Soup.—Twice as many onions may be prepared and boiled on Tuesday as will be needed. The extra quantity, rubbed through a sieve, will give sufficient pulp for soup on Wednesday. Use as much water as you have of pulp and twice as much milk (or all milk if you wish it richer) and thickening in the proportion of one tablespoonful of butter and one tablespoonful of flour to each quart. These proportions will hold good for all vegetable soups of this character.

Ham and Eggs.—If you happen to have a little bit of cold boiled ham, you can with very little trouble contrive a dish of minced ham and eggs. Put into a saucepan some butter—say one ounce to four ounces of ham. When melted add one teaspoonful flour, and stir over the fire till brown. Add a little stock or ketchup and water, the ham minced very fine, and seasonings to taste. Stir till all is very hot. Have some fried or toasted bread on a platter; spread with the mince, and place the eggs on the top. The latter may either be poached, or dropped on raw, and put to set in the oven or in front of the fire.



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Boys' Watch Free

We will give this handsome watch free to any boy for selling only one dozen of our annual comic review of the year entitled **"1904 CARICATURED"** just published, at ten cents each. A 50 cent certificate given free with each.

The watch has a beautiful silvered nickel case, handsomely polished, a hard enamelled dial, heavy bevelled crystal, hour, minute and second hands, and reliable American movement. It will last many years with care.

There is nothing on the market that compares with **"1904 CARICATURED,"** and it is so cheap that there is no trouble in selling it, especialy with the fifty cent certificate thrown in. We printed thirty thousand of these the other day and twenty-three thousand are already sold. Write for your dozen of **"1904 CARICATURED"** to-day. A post card will bring them by return mail.

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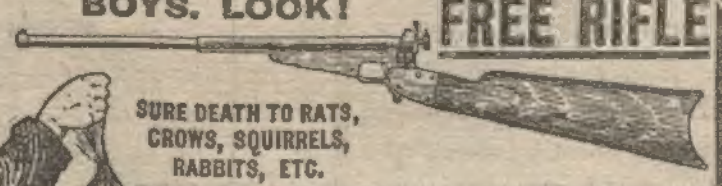
BOYS. LOOK! FREE RIFLE



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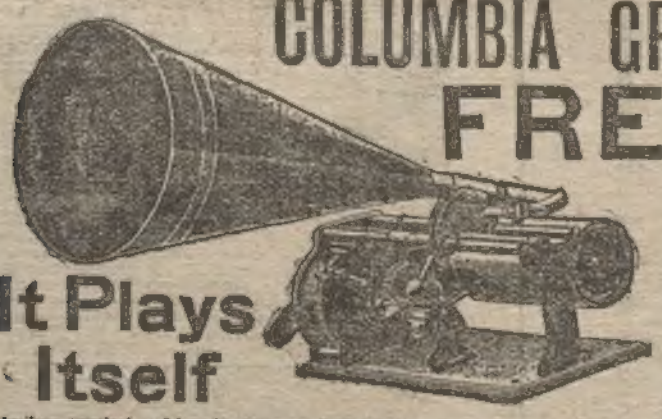
It plays every kind of instrumental music, sings every class of songs, tells you all kinds of funny stories.



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also one musical and one Peong record—Hiawatha, Dixie Girl, Annie Laurie, Kentucky Home, Old Oaken Bucket, Sally in Our Alley, My Wild Irish Rose, Kathleen Mavourneen, I've going Back to Dixie, The Holy City, Home Sweet Home, etc., etc. Understand this is not a toy or a machine that must be turned by hand, but a real self playing Graphophone, with which you can give concerts in any size hall or room, as it sings, talks and plays just as loud and clear as any $50.00 Talking Machine. Write for seeds to-day sure. **Prize Seed Co.,** Dept. 409 Toronto

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Send us your name and address on a Post Card and we will mail you post-paid 2 doz. large, beautiful packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds,** to sell for us at 10c. a package. **(A Certificate worth 50c. free to each purchaser.)** Every package is handsomely decorated in 12 colors, and contains 61 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. When sold return the money and we will immediately send you this elegant Watch, with heavy Gold laid, beautifully engraved case, handsome dial, dust proof, adjusted to position, patent escapement, and highly finished throughout. The movement is an American style, stem wind and set, expansion balance, quick train, and you can rely upon it to keep good time. W. Cottingham, Red Deer, Alta., writes: "I am very much pleased with my watch and would not take $5.00 for it." Boys, don't wait, but send us your name and address to-day. You can easily sell the Sweet Pea Packages in half an hour as they are the largest, the best, and the most beautiful ever sold for 10c. **The Seed Supply Co., Dept. 413 Toronto.**

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Write us for 2 doz. large beautiful packages of Sweet Pea Seeds to sell at 10c. each. No trouble to sell our Seeds when you tell your friends that every package contains the finest mixture in the world, **over 60** different varieties, all giant flowers, deliciously fragrant, in endless combinations of beautiful colors. When sold return the money and we will promptly send you this beautiful little Watch with Solid Silver Nickel case highly polished, the back elegantly enamelled in colors, fancy porcelain dial, dainty figures, Gold hands, and a reliable imported movement, also a beautiful Gold-finished Ring set with large Pearls and sparkling imitation Diamonds if you write us at once and are prompt in selling the Seeds. Address The Seed Supply Co., Dept 434 Toronto

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With polished silver nickel open face case, the back elaborately engraved, fancy milled edge, heavy bevelled crystal and reliable American movement, by selling only 18 Glass Pens at 10c each. These wonderful Pens sell like hot cakes everywhere They are made entirely of glass, never rust, never wear out and write a page with one dip of ink. Write us to-day and we will mail the Pens postpaid. THE PEN CO. Dept. 455, Toronto.

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Handsome Silver Nickel case on which a horse is elegantly enamelled, the rich, brown fur and delicate coloring making the whole design absolutely true to life. A very beautiful and thoroughly reliable Watch that answers every purpose of the most expensive timepiece, given for selling only twenty large, beautiful packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. Each package is beautifully decorated in 12 colors and contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **They are hot sellers.** Everybody buys them. Roy Rutter, Thamesville, Ont., said: "I sold all the seeds in a few minutes. People said they were fine." A 50c certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail the packages post paid. Charles Wickham, Ridgetown, Ont., says: "I received my watch and it is far ahead of my expectations. It is a splendid time and I am perfectly delighted with it." Address Prize Seed Co., Dept. 469, Toronto.

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They are all beautifully printed, hand omely bound in very attractive covers, and each one contains **739 Choice Recipes.** Every housekeeper will be glad to buy one. They are fully worth 25c, and we have sold thousands of them at 15c each. At only 10c each you can sell the whole 20 in half an hour.

Send No Money

Simply drop us a card with your name and address, and we will mail the Cook Books postpaid. When sold return the money and we will promptly send you this beautiful Fur Scarf, made of rich, fluffy, black Coney fur, over 40 inches long, and 6 inches wide, with 6 large full length brush tails, and a handsome neck chain. The regular price in all fur stores is $3.00, and they fully equal in appearance any $10.00 Fur Scarf. The only reason we can give them away for so little is because we bought the last of a manufacturer's stock at a greatly reduced price. This is a grand chance for any origrl lady to get a handsome stylish fur for the rest of the Winter and next winter as well, without spending one cent.

Address, **THE MAXWELL CO.,**
Dept. 429, Toronto.

Boys and Girls Get This FREE

This Is an Honest Business Proposition to Boys & Girls who want to earn a real **Graphophone** by giving us one hour of their time. It is not a "fake" for we do just what we say, and will give $100.00 to any person who can prove to the contrary. It is not a toy instrument run by a crank, but a genuine clock work Graphophone that plays all the latest songs and music equal in tone to any $50.00 machine made. All you have to do is to send us your name and address and we will mail you postpaid 2 doz. of our large, beautiful, fast-selling packages of fresh Sweet Pea Seeds to sell at 10c. each. They are the largest packages ever sold for 10c, and each one contains the finest mixture in the world. **Over 60** different varieties, all large, flowering, sweet smelling, beautifully colored. When sold, return the money and we will promptly send you this full size **real Self-Playing Graphophone.** It is a handsome instrument, strong, well made and fit for any parlor. It has a full size aluminum reproducer, in every respect the same as those furnished on the highest priced Graphophones, and as a detached part sells for $5.00. The speed regulator, governor springs and bearings are exactly the same as in $50.00 machines. With every Graphophone we give free one Musical and one Song Record, your choice from hundreds of selections including Baseball, Hiawatha, Belelia, Always in the Way, Evening Chimes in the Mountains, Old Black Joe, Farmyard Medley (with farmyard and faunal imitations), Who Threw the Overalls in Mrs Murphy's Chowder, Japanese War March, Band Selection, The Bugler's Dream, Banjo Solos, etc. We know every boy and girl will be delighted with this Graphophone. You can entertain your family and friends and make lots of money giving concerts. Write to-day. Address The Dominion Seed Co., Dept 495 Toronto

Big Magic Lantern FREE

Fitted with double Telescope Crystal lenses made of lacquered brass and nickel plated, handsomely designed; complete with oil lamp and large assortment of colored slides. Is at thing known for evening amusements and shows. Send us your name and address for only 15 of our large, fast-selling, beautifully-colored packages of Sweet Pea Seeds, the best in the world, to sell at 10c. each. Return us the money received and we will send you the Magic Lantern and complete outfit at once. Write to-day. **THE PRIZE SEED CO., DEPARTMENT 417 TORONTO, ONTARIO**

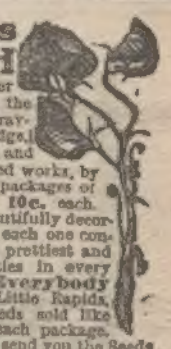
BEAUTIFUL PRESENTS FREE

GIRLS! We trust you with **10** large beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** to sell for us at **10c.** each. For your trouble we will give you a beautiful gold finished **Opal Ring, also a Gold** or **Silver** composition, full size curb chain **Bracelet.** Remember, you get **both the Ring and Bracelet** for selling only **10** packages. **Everybody buys our Seeds.** They are the easiest sellers ever handled. Mary Speeles, Mono Mills, Ont., said: "I no sooner opened my parcel than I had all the seeds sold. They went like wildfire." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the seeds postpaid. A 50c. certificate free with each package. **Dominion Seed Co.,** Dept 401 Toronto.

WE TRUST YOU

With 2 doz large beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** to sell for us at **10c.** each. For your trouble we will give you a beautiful little Watch with Gold hands on which a large rose with buds and leaves is elegantly enamelled in seven colors. Miss Robinson, Pownson, Ont., says: "My watch is a perfect beauty." Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. A 50c. Certificate free with each package. Gracie Brown, Cheverie, N.S., said: "I sold all the Seeds in a few minutes." **THE DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT. 414, TORONTO, ONTARIO.**

Earn This WATCH



With polished silver nickel open face case, the back elaborately engraved, fancy milled edge, heavy bevelled crystal and keyless Wind, imported works, by selling only 18 large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** Percy Bell, Little Rapids, Ont., said: "The seeds sold like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. Don't delay. Edward Gilbert, Petrolea, Ont., says: "I received my watch in good condition. It is a daisy and I am very much pleased with it." **THE DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT.** 455 **TORONTO, Ont.**

FREE STEAM ENGINE

Makes 300 Revolutions in a minute. Easy running, swift and powerful. Strongly made of steel and brass, handsomely nickel plated. Has belt wheel, steam whistle and safety valve, iron stand, brass boiler and steam chest, steel piston rod and Russian iron burner compartments. Boys! this big, powerful Steam Engine is free to you for selling only 9 large, beautifully colored packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at **10c.** each. **Everybody buys them.** Roy Butler, Wilsonville, Ont., said: "I sold the seeds in a few minutes. People said they were fine." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. Order now, as we have only a limited quantity of these special Engines on hand. Arnold Wiseman, Kirkton, Ont., said: "My Engine is a beauty and a grand premium for so little work. **PRIZE SEED CO., Dept.** 415 **Toronto**

"THE WATCH IS A DANDY FREE FREE FREE

And takes the shine wherever it goes." That is what Leo. C. Gavin, Melcombe, Ont., said about his watch, and we have hundreds of other letters from delighted boys who have received handsome watches for selling only 1½ doz. of our large beautiful packages of fresh **Sweet Pea Seeds,** the best in Canada, at **10c.** each. Every package is handsomely decorated in 12 colors and contains 61 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. Write to-day and we will send the Seeds, postpaid, for you to sell; also 1½ doz. Certificates, each worth 50c. one of which is to begiven away free with each package. When sold, return money and we will immediately send you one of the handsomest watches you ever saw, with solid silver nickel case, nicely engraved edge, decorated dial, heavy bevelled crystal hour, minute and seconds hands, and reliable American movement. With care it will last **10 years.** Write to-day sure. **Seed Supply Co.,** Dept. 482 **Toronto.**

FREE LANTERN AND ENGINE

Splendid Magic Lantern with powerful lenses showing dozens of pictures in colors and Real Steam Engine with brass boiler and steam chest, steel piston rod and fly wheel, and Russian iron burner compartment, **given** for selling only **1 doz.** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors, and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties, of every imaginable color. **You can sell 3 and 4 packages in every house.** A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail the Seeds postpaid. When sold return $1.20 and we will forward immediately **both** the **Lantern** and **Engine.** The **DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT** 402 **TORONTO, ONT.**

VALUABLE RING AND GOLD WATCH FREE

All we ask you to do is to sell **10** of our large beautiful fast-selling packages of fresh Sweet Pea Seeds, the best in the world. (Every package contains **over 60** of the rarest prettiest, most fragrant, largest flowering varieties in every imaginable color.) Sell them at 10c. each, return the money, and we will promptly send you this beautiful Ring, finished in 14k. Gold and set with large magnificent Pearls and sparkling Imitation Diamonds that can hardly be told from the real stones. If you write at once for the Seeds we will give you an opportunity to get an elegant Gold-finished double Hunting Case Watch, Lady's or Gentleman's size, Free, in addition to the Ring. Address **The Prize Seed Co. Dept.** 412 **Toronto, Ont**

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